

LEMMY BEN DOVER MOTHER TERESA

VIZ

TERROR at the PALACE



WE FLY
DRONE
RIGHT INTO
**QUEEN'S
BEDROOM!**

**10,000
OFF THE
WRIST**

I've fathered
more sprogs than
you've had hot
dinners!



EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
WITH BRITAIN'S MOST PROLIFIC
SPERM DONOR

PLUS *****

BIFFA BACON
FRU T BUNN
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LUCKY FRANK
DRUNKEN BAKERS

253
MARCH 2016
£3.20
USA \$9.50 AUS \$9.50

ANKAZ
HOWAY!

WHY-AYE,
CAP'N!



30TH ANNIVERSARY TOURTHE
WONDER
STUFF

EST. 1986

THE
WEDDING
PRESENT THE LOTTERY
WINNERS.
(Not appearing in Liverpool)

FRI 4TH MARCH | SOUTHAMPTON ENGINE ROOMS
 SAT 5TH MARCH | BRIGHTON CONCORDE 2
 FRI 11TH MARCH | LIVERPOOL O₂ ACADEMY WITH SPECIAL GUESTS || THE ICEBERG WORKS ||
 SAT 12TH MARCH CARDIFF TRAMSHED
 THU 17TH MARCH | BRISTOL O₂ ACADEMY

... CHANGE OF VENUE - ALL TICKETS VALID ...

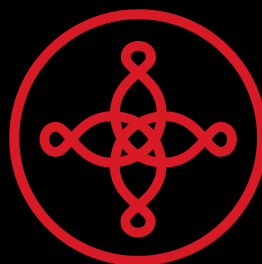
FRI 18TH MARCH | LONDON O₂ FORUM KENTISH TOWN

SAT 19TH MARCH | BIRMINGHAM O₂ ACADEMY
 THU 24TH MARCH | GLASGOW O₂ ABC
 FRI 25TH MARCH | NEWCASTLE O₂ ACADEMY
 SAT 26TH MARCH | LEEDS O₂ ACADEMY
 SAT 2ND APRIL | NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY

www.ticketweb.co.uk | 0844 477 2000 and all usual agents

◀ THE MISSION ▶
30TH ANNIVERSARY TOUR

1986



2016

UK & IRELAND 2016

SAT 01 OCT DUBLIN The Academy THU 06 OCT NOTTINGHAM Rock City
 SUN 02 OCT BELFAST Limelight FRI 07 OCT BRISTOL O₂ Academy
 MON 03 OCT GLASGOW O₂ ABC SAT 08 OCT LONDON O₂ Shepherds Bush Empire
 WED 05 OCT MANCHESTER O₂ Ritz SAT 05 NOV WHITBY Goth Weekend

Tickets available from: Ticketweb.co.uk - 0844 477 2000 and all usual agents

THE MISSIONUK.COM

An Anger Management, Academy Events & DHP presentation
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SHALAMAR

featuring

HOWARD HEWETT | JEFFREY DANIEL | CAROLYN GRIFFEY
GREATEST HITS UK TOUR 2016"A NIGHT TO REMEMBER" "FRIENDS" "TAKE THAT TO THE BANK"
"THERE IT IS" "I CAN MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD" "SWEETER AS THE DAYS GO BY"
"THE SECOND TIME AROUND" "DEAD GIVEAWAY" "MAKE THAT MOVE"PLUS
SPECIAL
GUESTS

APRIL

08 BRIGHTON CONCORDE 2
 15 LONDON O₂ FORUM KENTISH TOWN
 24 CAMBRIDGE THE JUNCTION
 26 NEWCASTLE O₂ ACADEMY (with ALEXANDER O'NEAL)
 27 GLASGOW O₂ ACADEMY (with ALEXANDER O'NEAL)
 30 MANCHESTER O₂ RITZ

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SHALAMAR.INFO - AN ACADEMY EVENTS & FRIENDS PRESENTATION

Christopher Cross

Plus special guest JOHN PARR

Friday 22nd July
O₂ Shepherds Bush Empire
LondonTicketweb.co.uk - 0844 477 2000
An Academy Events Presentation30th Anniversary Tour 2016
THE SMYTHS
The Queen Is DeadSaturday 26 March
LIVERPOOL O₂ Academy2Saturday 7 May
GLASGOW O₂ ABC2Friday 13 May
SHEFFIELD O₂ Academy2Friday 20 May
BIRMINGHAM O₂ Academy2Friday 27 May
NEWCASTLE O₂ Academy2Friday 23 September
BRISTOL O₂ AcademyFriday 7 October
LEICESTER O₂ AcademyFriday 14 October
BOURNEMOUTH Old Fire StationSaturday 15 October
OXFORD O₂ Academy2

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THE
SOUTHMARTINSA TRIBUTE
TO THE
BEAUTIFUL
SOUTH
& THE
HOUSEMARTINSSat 2nd April
NEWCASTLE O₂ ACADEMYSat 16th July
OXFORD O₂ ACADEMYSat 30th July
GLASGOW O₂ ABCFri 2nd September
LIVERPOOL O₂ ACADEMY

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Sat 3rd September
BIRMINGHAM O₂ ACADEMYFri 9th September
LEEDS O₂ ACADEMYSat 10th September
SHEFFIELD O₂ ACADEMYSat 22nd October
LONDON O₂ ACADEMY ISLINGTON

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academyevents presents
by arrangement with THE MAGNIFICENT AGENCY presents

CAST
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

APRIL 2016

Thu 07 EDINBURGH Liquid Rooms
 Fri 08 WHITEHAVEN Haig Mining Museum
 Sat 09 MANCHESTER Academy 2
 Thu 14 SHEFFIELD O₂ Academy2
 Fri 15 LEICESTER O₂ Academy
 Sat 16 BIRMINGHAM O₂ Academy2

Fri 22 NEWCASTLE O₂ Academy
 Sat 23 LEEDS Brudenell Social Club
 RE-SCHEDULED DATE
 Sun 24 GLASGOW O₂ ABC

Thu 28 BOURNEMOUTH The Old Fire Station
 Fri 29 BRISTOL O₂ Academy
 Sat 30 LONDON O₂ Shepherds Bush Empire

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MIKE PETERS PRESENTS THE ALARM
Spirit of '86

APRIL
22 BOURNEMOUTH OLD FIRE STATION
29 YORK DUCHES

MAY
04 NOTTINGHAM RESCUE ROOMS
06 NORWICH WATERFRONT
11 BRISTOL THEKLA
12 PRESTON NEW CONTINENTAL
15 BIRMINGHAM O₂ ACADEMY3
18 EDINBURGH THE CAVES
21 OXFORD O₂ ACADEMY2
28 SHEFFIELD O₂ ACADEMY

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DECLARE YOUR STRENGTH TOUR 2016

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MAGNUM
THE "DIVINE LIES" TOUR 2016

MAY

11 SOUTHAMPTON THE BROOK
 12 CARDIFF TRAMSHED
 13 LONDON ISLINGTON ASSEMBLY HALL
 14 OXFORD O₂ ACADEMY
 16 NORWICH WATERFRONT
 17 NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
 19 BIRMINGHAM O₂ INSTITUTE
 20 HOLMFIRTH PICTUREDOME

21 MANCHESTER ACADEMY 2
 22 NEWCASTLE O₂ ACADEMY
 24 ABERDEEN GARAGE
 25 GLASGOW GARAGE
 27 BELFAST LIMELIGHT I
 29 BRISTOL O₂ ACADEMY
 30 LEAMINGTON SPA ASSEMBLY ROOMS

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NEW ALBUM SACRED BLOOD "DIVINE" LIES OUT 26 FEB 2106
magnumonline.co.uk

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**GUNS
2
ROSES**

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

MAY 2016
SAT 21 LIVERPOOL O₂ ACADEMY2

SEPT 2016
FRI 02 BRISTOL O₂ ACADEMY
 FRI 23 GLASGOW O₂ ABC2
 SAT 24 NEWCASTLE O₂ ACADEMY2

OCT 2016
SAT 08 LONDON O₂ ACADEMY ISLINGTON
 FRI 21 OXFORD O₂ ACADEMY2
 SAT 22 SHEFFIELD O₂ ACADEMY2

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SPACE

FEMALE OF THE SPECIES - NEIGHBOURHOOD - AVENGING ANGELS
GIVE ME YOUR FUTURE Tour 2016

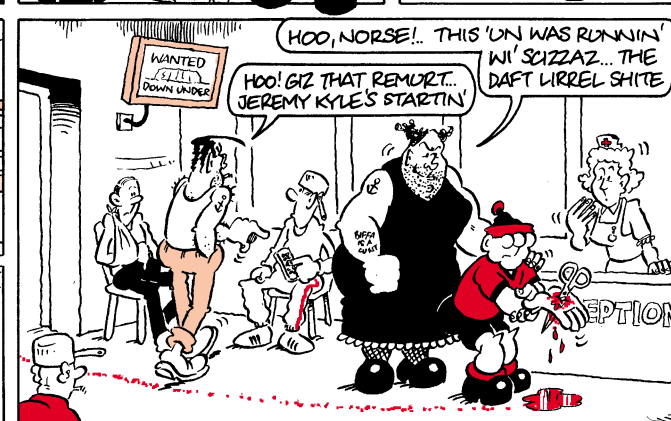
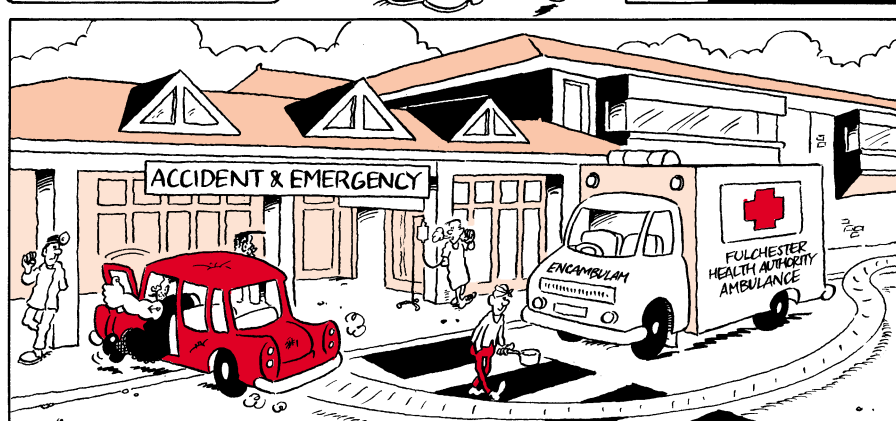
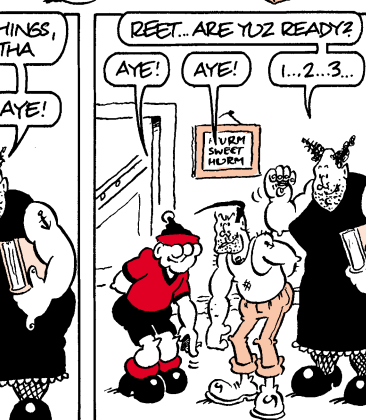
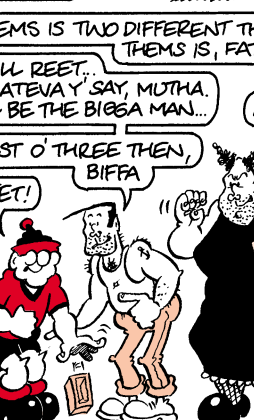
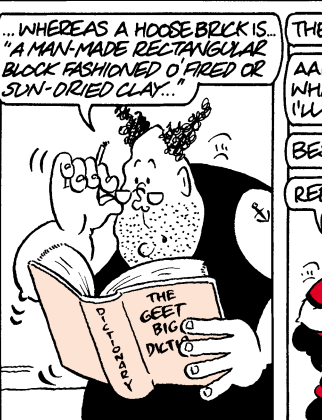
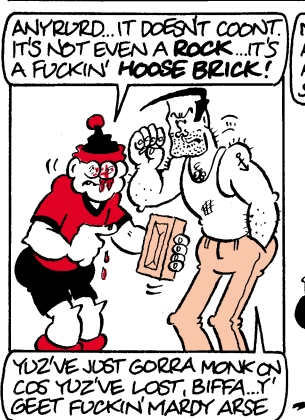
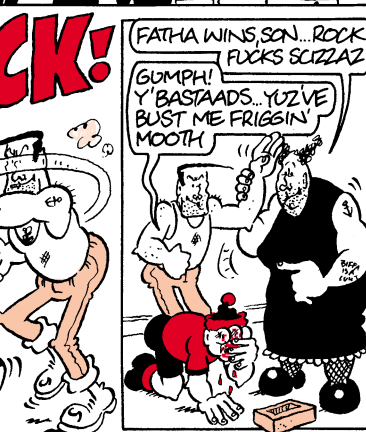
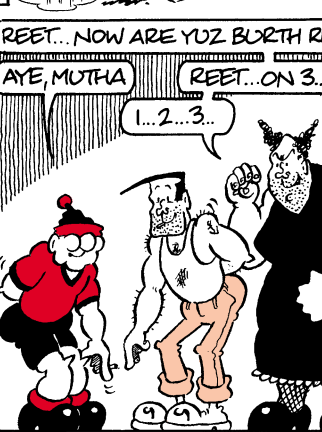
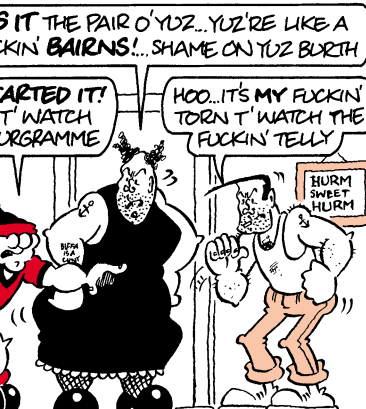
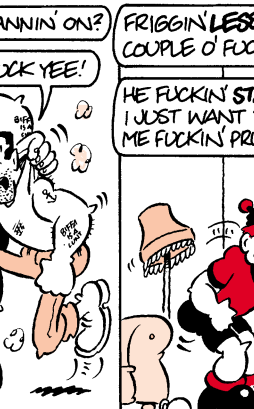
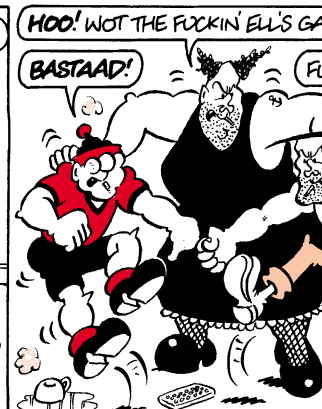
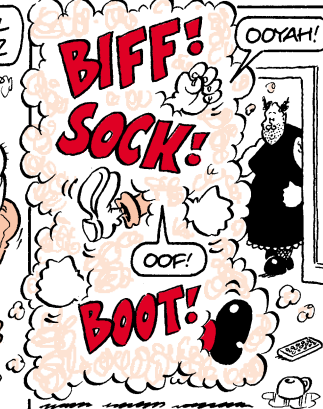
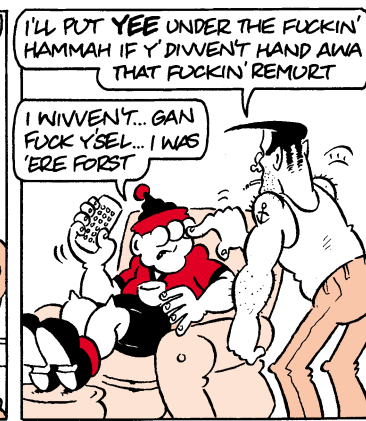
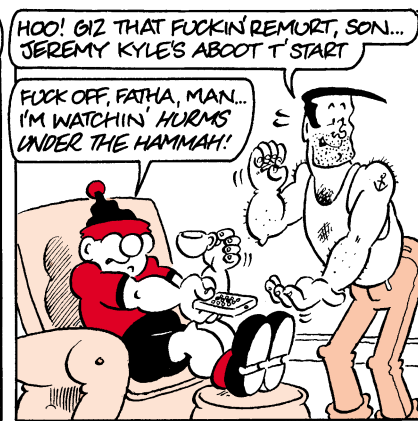
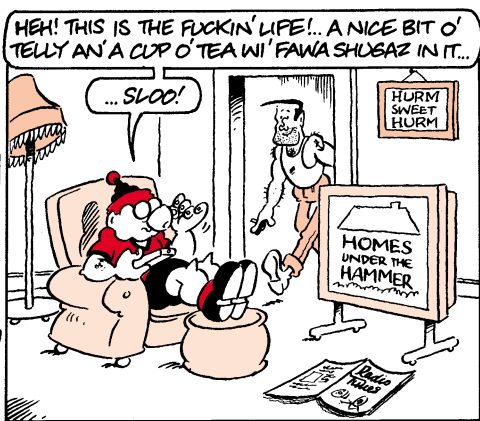
APRIL
07 SOUTHAMPTON THE BROOK
08 BOURNEMOUTH OLD FIRE STATION
15 OXFORD O₂ ACADEMY2
16 BRIGHTON HAUNT
29 NEWCASTLE O₂ ACADEMY2
30 STOCKTON ARC

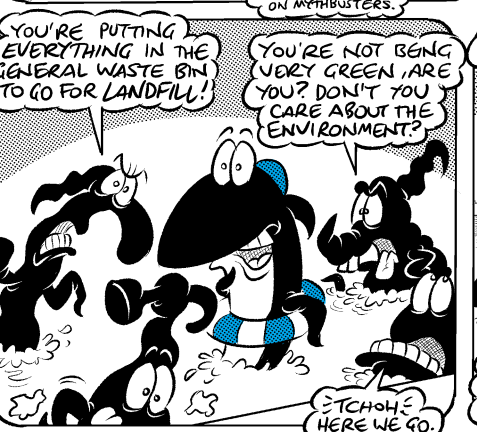
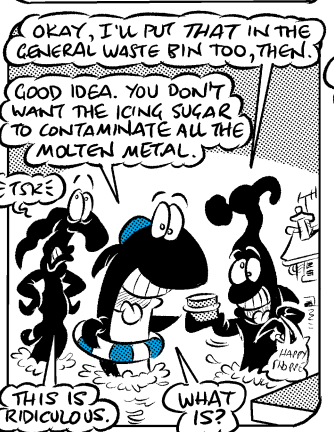
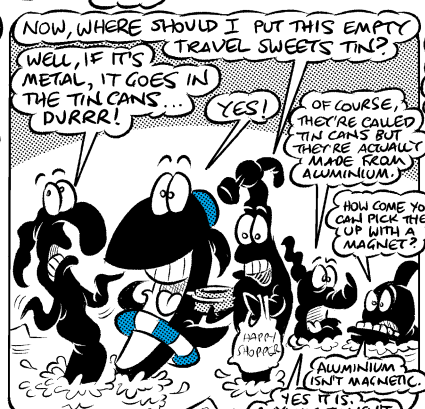
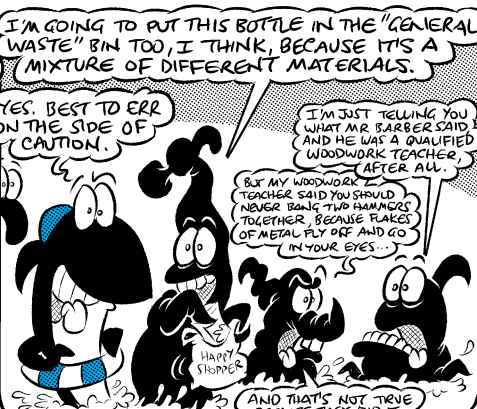
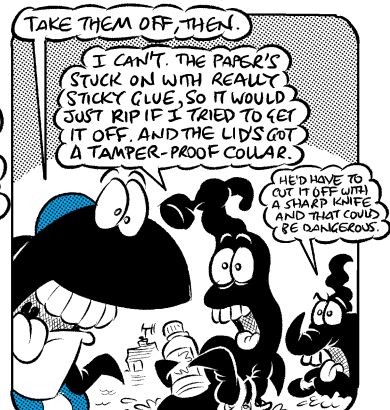
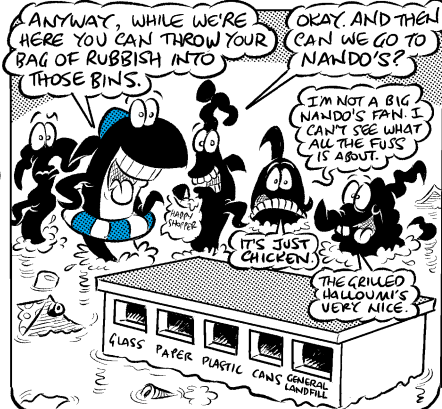
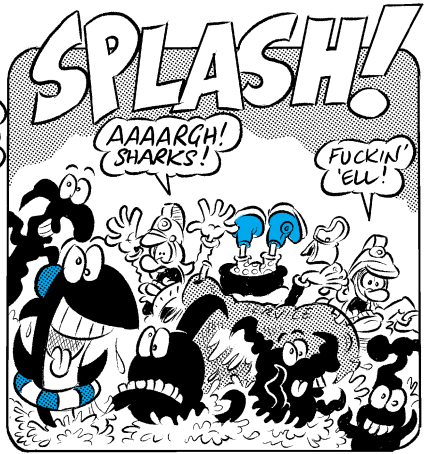
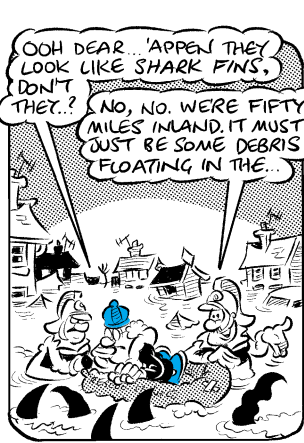
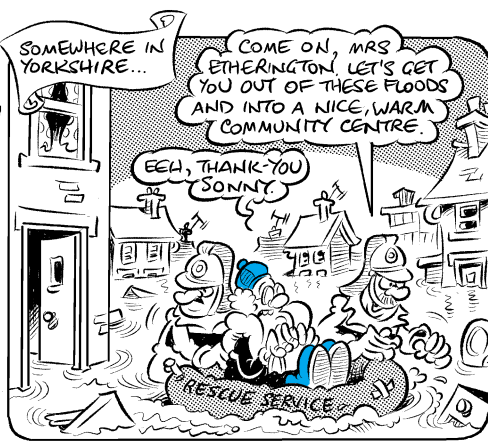
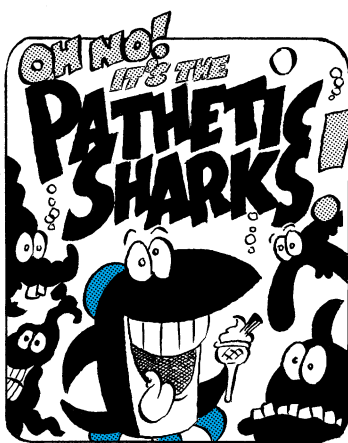
MAY
20 HERNE BAY THE FRONT
21 BIRMINGHAM O₂ ACADEMY2
28 LEICESTER THE SCHOLAR @ O₂ ACADEMY
29 LONDON 100 CLUB

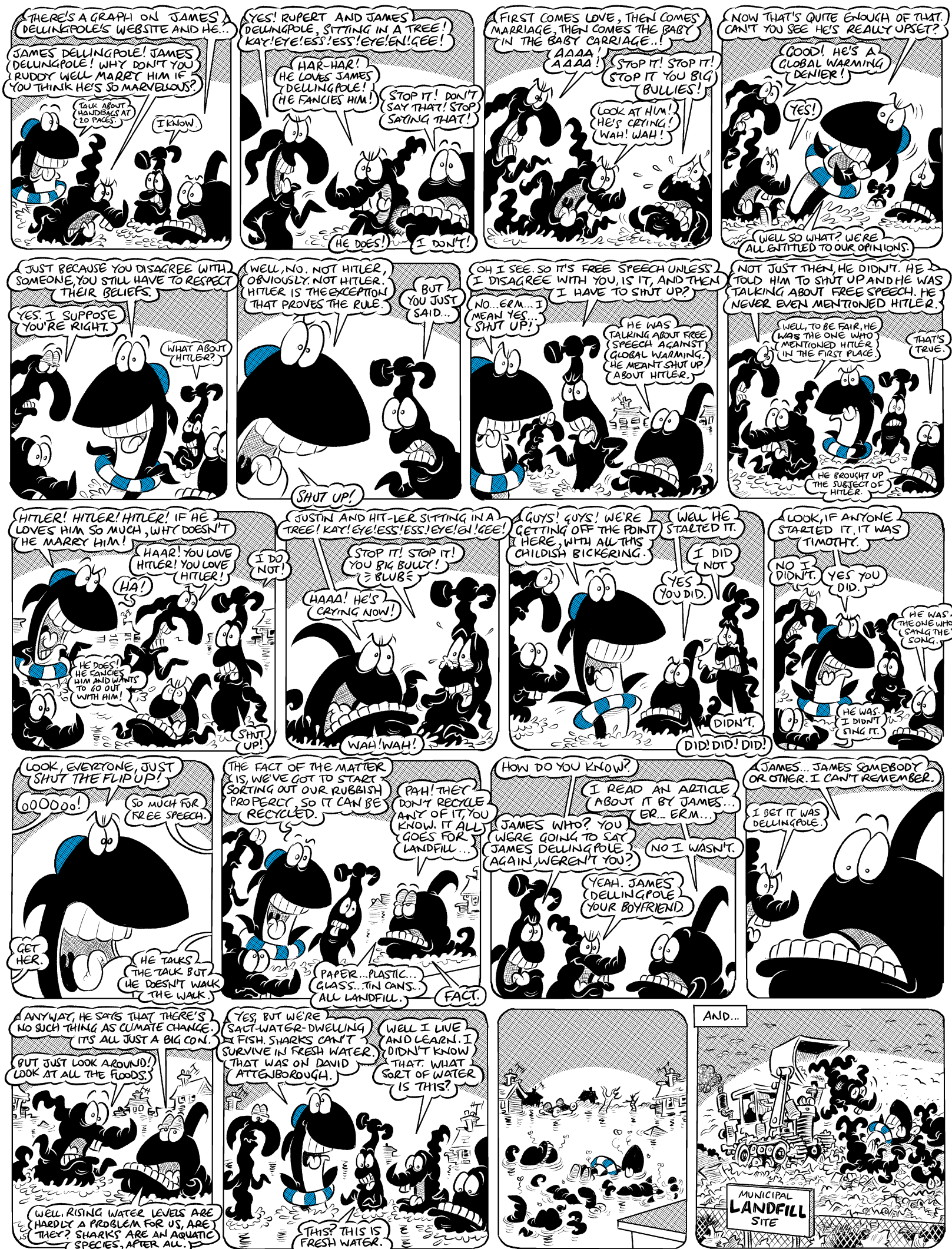
JUNE
09 CREWE THE BOX
10 ST. HELENS CITADEL
11 STOKE EXCHANGE

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SPACETHEBAND.CO.UK

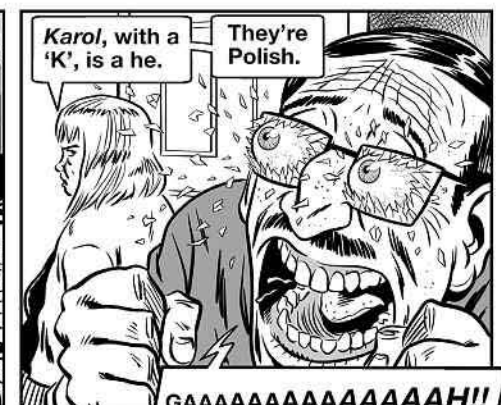
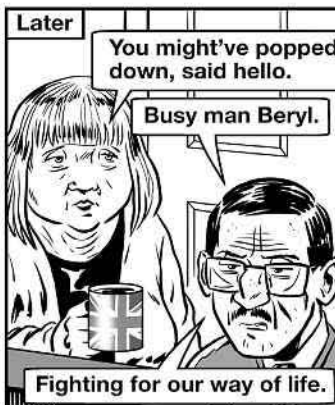
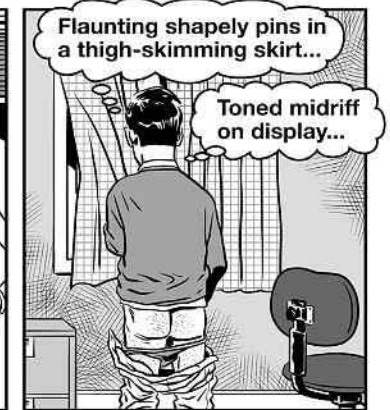
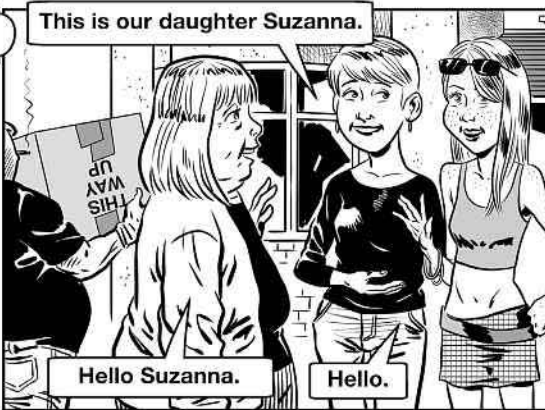
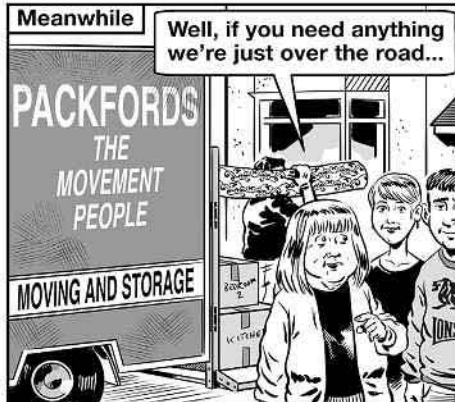
BIFFA BACON







THE Male Online



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**THE ORIGINAL BAD BOY
OF BRITISH COMEDY**

2016 TOUR

FEBRUARY

THU 11	HAYES	Beck Theatre	020 8561 8371
FRI 12	BEDWORTH	Civic Hall	024 7637 6707
SAT 20	NEWCASTLE	City Hall	0191 2778 030
THU 25	DUNDEE	The Whitehall Theatre	01382 434 940
FRI 26	BATHGATE	The Regal Community Theatre	01506 630 085
SAT 27	BATHGATE	The Regal Community Theatre	01506 630 085

MARCH

THU 03	ROTHERHAM	Theatres	01709 823 621
FRI 04	ROTHERHAM	Theatres	01709 823 621
THU 10	WIMBORNE	The Tivoli	01202 885 566
FRI 11	BRIDGWATER	Blake Hall	01278 425 436
SAT 12	TELFORD	Oakengates Theatre @ The Place	01952 382 382
FRI 18	WREXHAM	William Aston Hall	0844 888 9991
THU 24	WIRRAL	Gladstone Theatre	0151 643 8757
FRI 25	BLACKPOOL	Viva	01253 297 297

APRIL

WED 06	ISLE OF WIGHT	Medina Theatre	01983 823 884
THU 07	HASTINGS	White Rock Theatre	01424 462 288
FRI 08	WIMBLEDON	New Wimbledon Theatre	0844 871 7646
THU 14	CHELTENHAM	Town Hall	0844 576 2210
FRI 15	REDDITCH	Palace Theatre	01527 65203
SAT 16	REDDITCH	Palace Theatre	01527 65203
THU 21	DARTFORD	The Orchard Theatre	01322 220 000
FRI 22	LEICESTER	Athena	0844 847 2474
FRI 29	BLACKPOOL	Viva	01253 297 297

MAY

THU 05	RUNCORN	The Brindley Theatre	0151 907 8360
FRI 06	RUNCORN	The Brindley Theatre	0151 907 8360
WED 11	PORT TALBOT	Princess Royal Theatre	01639 763 214
THU 12	CWMBRAN	Congress Theatre	01633 868 239
FRI 13	CWMBRAN	Congress Theatre	01634 868 239
THU 19	CROMER	Pier Pavilion Theatre	01263 512 495
FRI 20	IPSWICH	Ipswich Corn Exchange	01473 433 100
SAT 21	KETTERING	Lighthouse Theatre	01536 414 141
FRI 27	BLACKPOOL	Viva	01253 297 297
Sat 28	RHYL	Pavilion Theatre	01745 330 000



**THE PERFECT
MOTHER'S DAY GIFT!!!!**



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letters@viz.co.uk



R Asqith, Barnet

Luis Lozano, Folkstone

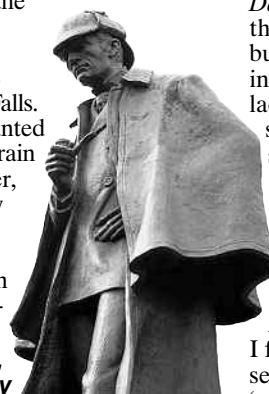
Keith Queef, email



STAR LETTER

Franklyn Anderson, London

**Mick McM,
Derby**



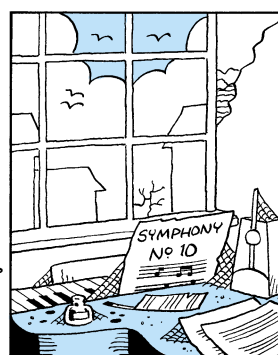
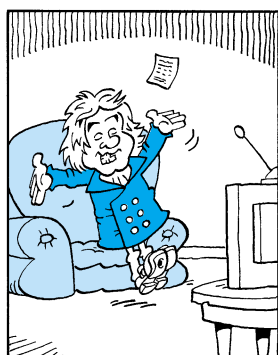
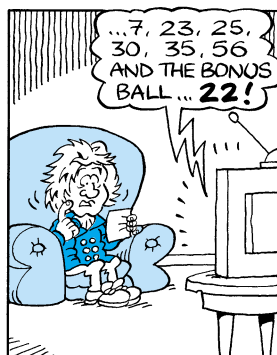
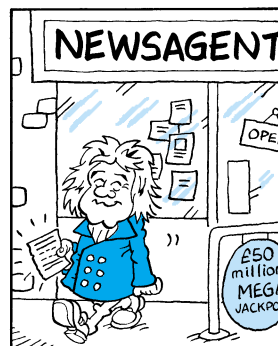
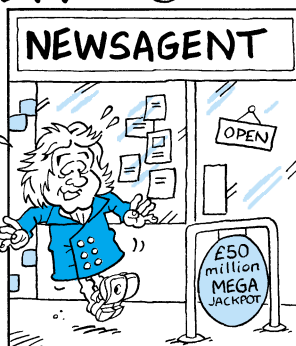
R Brown, Hull

Ed Wombat, Melbourne



Steve, Shoreditch

ROLLOVER BEETHOVEN





Smarticus, e-mail

Lemons Windsor, Truro



Nickers, Batley

J Geilsband, Norfolk

Roger Plywood, Leeds



Joe B. Bradford

Harry Dolphins, Newark

James Brown, Edinburgh

Moono, Ipswich

Norman Barrington, Hull

Gustav Fox, Toddington

A Fudd, Kingston upon Thames

Michael, Blackheath

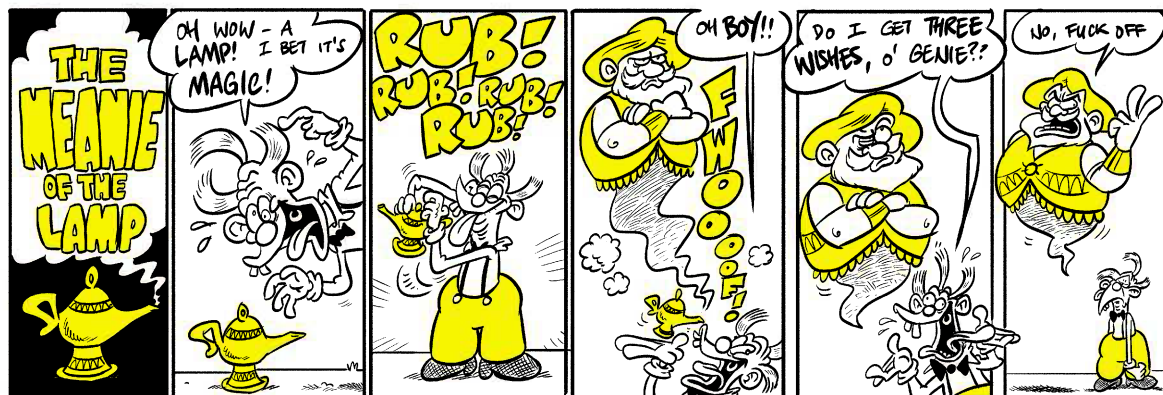
Tim Bukt, Timbukt

Sender: Ian Buglass, *email*

CORNER

Vincent, North Farnbridge

* *What's your toilet music of choice? Perhaps you like to sing Christie's 1970 hit Yellow River whilst urinating, or Salt-n-Pepa's 1987 hit Push It whilst straining to defecate? Or maybe you suffer from chronic diarrhoea and prefer the Red Hot Chili Peppers's 2003 chart-topper I Can't Stop. Write in and let us know at Viz, PO Box 841, Whitley Bay NE26 9EO.*



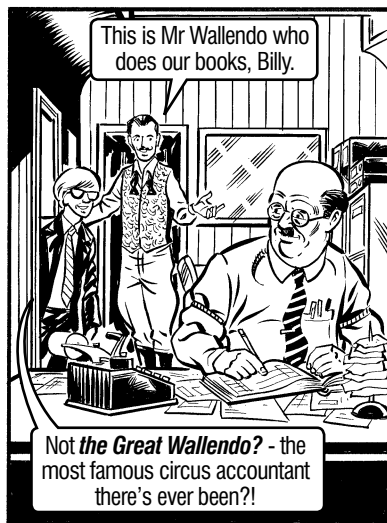
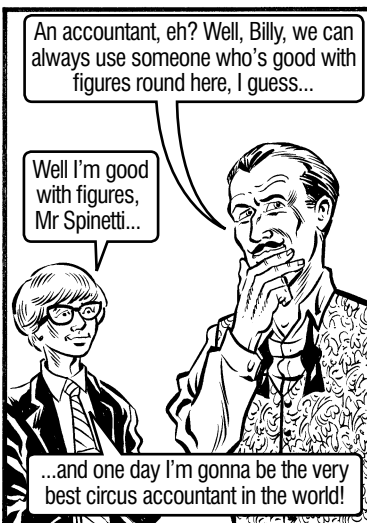
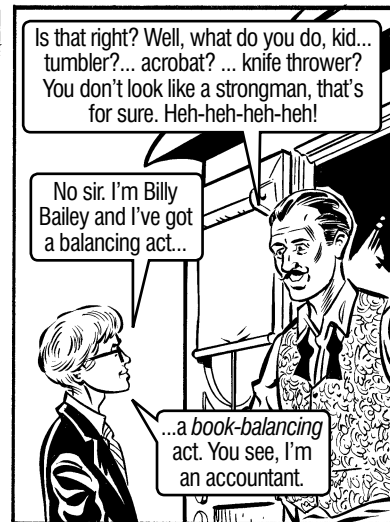
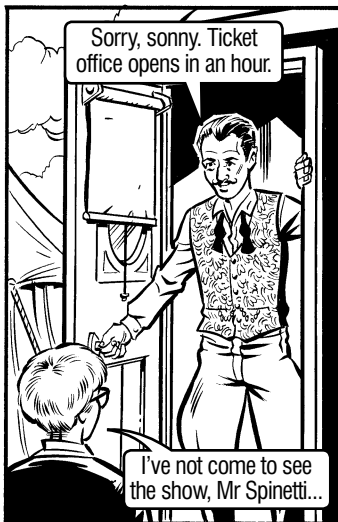
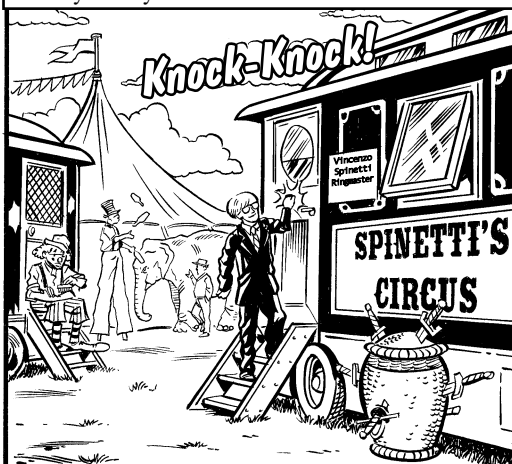
BIG TOP BILLY

King of the Three Ring Circus

Stuck in a dead-end job as a trainee invoice ledger clerk at a building supplies wholesalers, young Billy Bailey had just one dream... *to run away and become a circus accountant...*



The Greatest Show on Earth had come to Barton, so Billy Bailey took his chance...



But I only did it once. I busted my wrist pretty bad totting up the final Returns Outwards column. I never tried the Triple again.

Well, Billy, we've got the VAT man coming tomorrow. Why don't you help Mr Wallendo with those books while I go and thrash some chimpanzees with my belt?

Okay, Mr Spinetti.

Right, kid. If you want to be a circus accountant, you're going to have to start at the very bottom...

...and I mean the bottom...

...cleaning up after the elephants.

See here, the costs for all the shovels, buckets and wheelbarrows have to be entered here, into the Sundry Purchases (Outgoings) column in the General (Nominal) ledger.

Wow! I sure am learning lots, Mr Wallendo.

And don't forget to include them in the Trade Creditors ledger, as they're a capital asset and we can lease them back to ourselves and claim the depreciation against tax as an allowable business expense.

Gee! Working at the circus is even more exciting than I dreamed!

And what's more...

Quick Wallendo! The big top's on fire! The elephants have spooked and trampled down the lions' cage. All the big cats have escaped and run amuck! All hell's broken loose out here!

Oh my God!

You stay here, Billy, and keep working just on those books. I'll be back just as soon as we get that fire and all these wild animals under control.

For the next two hours, Billy went over the figures again and again, battling to get it right...

Okay. This shovel cost £13.99, so I enter that as a credit in the Purchase Invoice column in the Returns Inwards daybook...

...and as a debit in the General Ledger... no, wait! Does that figure include VAT or not...?

I'll have to check it against the receipt...

Now where is it...?

Ah, here we go. It does include 20% VAT after all, so I have to enter a subtotal of £11.66 here in the Supplier ledger, and carry £2.33 forwards into the Purchase Invoice (Sundries) column.

Gosh! This circus accounting sure is harder than it looks!

Suddenly...

Gasp!

Mr Wallendo! What happened?

We were putting out the fire when we were attacked by the lions, Billy... I managed to escape by climbing up the trapeze. But a tiger followed me and it was on fire ...

Gee!

I inched out along the tightrope to get away from the burning tiger, but the wire gave way and I fell sixty feet into the ring below.

Wow!

I landed on one of the dancing bears and it hit me round the face and I fell... It was standing over me, about to kill me, when luckily a terrified elephant stood on it.

Crikey!

I thought I was saved, but then I saw a load of stampeding liberty horses heading straight for me, so I tried to escape in a clown car. But I'd only gone a few yards when it backfired, the doors fell off and all custard came out of the radiator.

As the horses thundered past I somehow managed to grab hold of one of them and ride it bare-back out of the burning big top.

Gee! Well, thank goodness you're safe!

I'm beat up pretty bad, Billy, and my glasses got smashed by one of the camels...

...so you'll have to do those books for the VAT man tomorrow!

Wh-what? Me?

B-b-but I'm just a trainee accountant. I'm not even an associate member of the Society of Professional Accountants...

...I can't do it.

You can do it, Billy. Do it for me. Do it for the Great Wallendo!

Okay... I'll... I'll try.

Oh, Billy. Just one more thing...

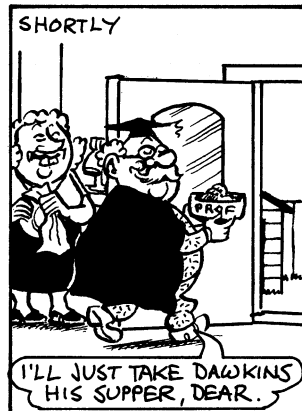
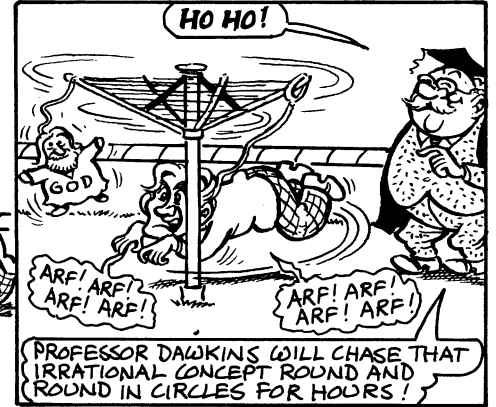
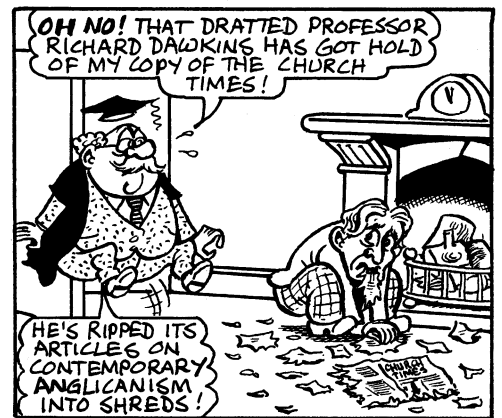
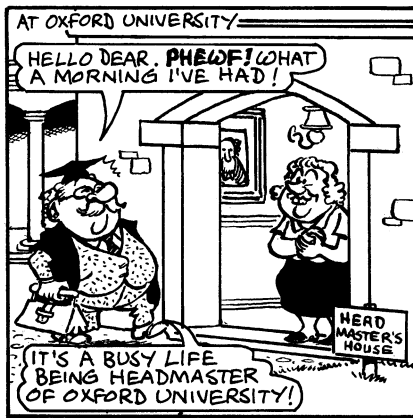
...you've got to do a triple entry audit with a double purchase invoice ledger finish!

SPINETTI'S

Can the rookie accountant hold his nerve to do the legendary Triple whilst preparing the circus's quarterly VAT returns to the satisfaction of HM Inspector of Taxes? Find out in the next thrilling instalment of...

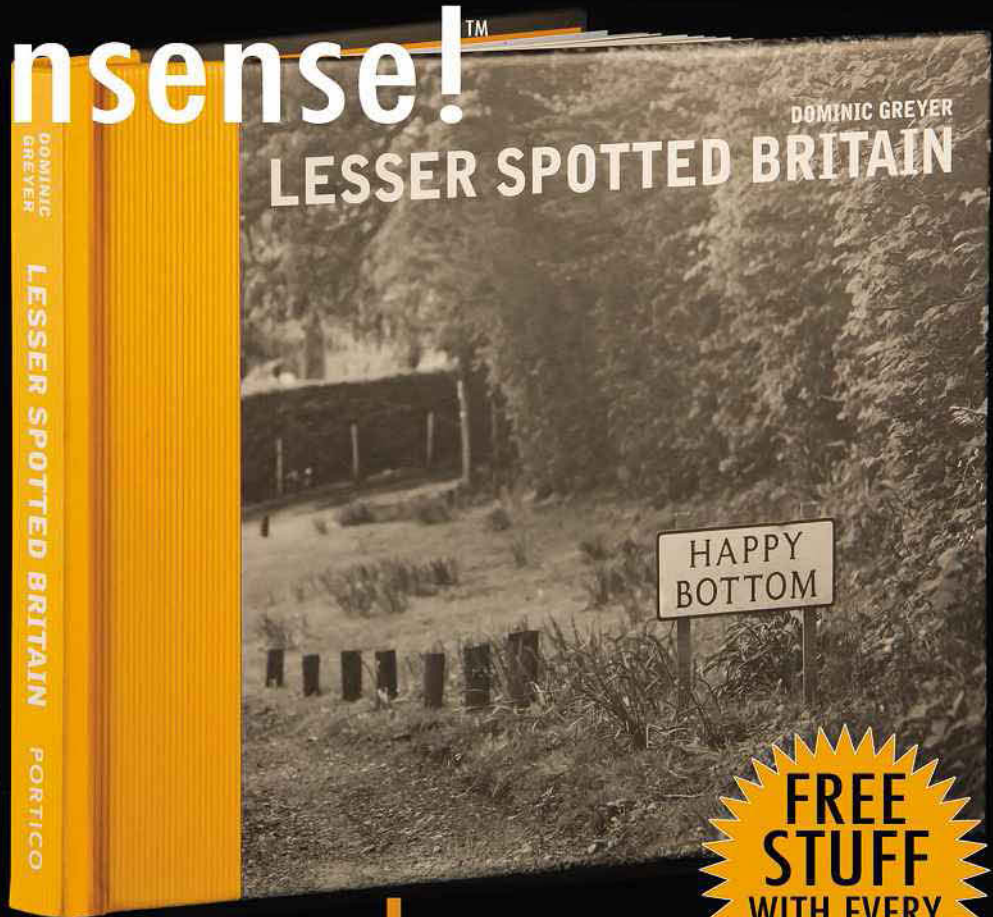
BIG TOP BILLY

WALKIN' DAWKINS



Smut & Nonsense!

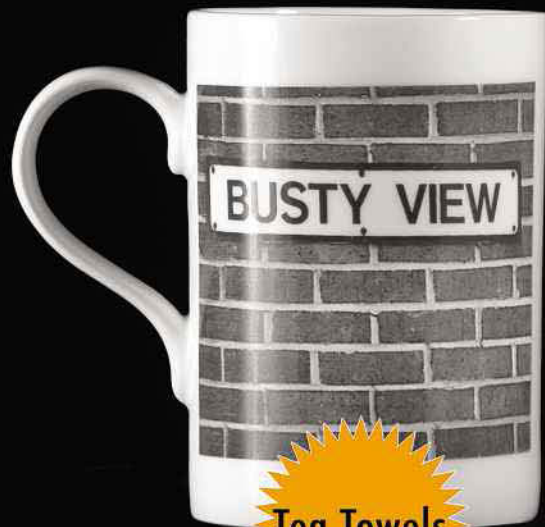
Book of UK road sign photos from Bell End to Twatt via Hardhorn, Beaver Dyke, Lost, Glam, Slack Bottom, Minge Lane, Benny's Hill, 3 Cocks, Titty Ho, King Dick Lane, Studley Roger, Sexburga Drive, Long Length, Lady Gardens, Busty View, Star, Rings End, Tarty & Sandy Balls plus maps & etymologies!



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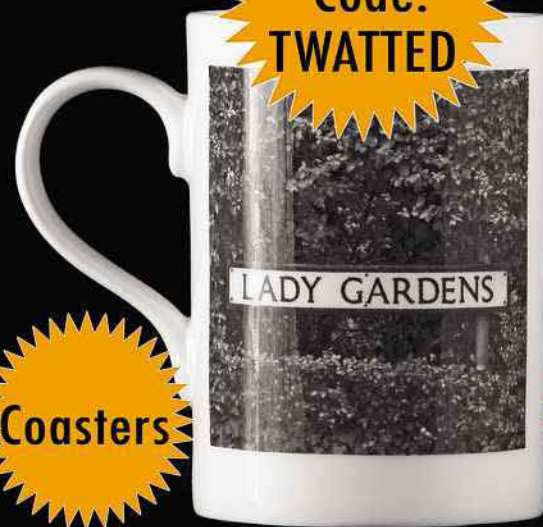
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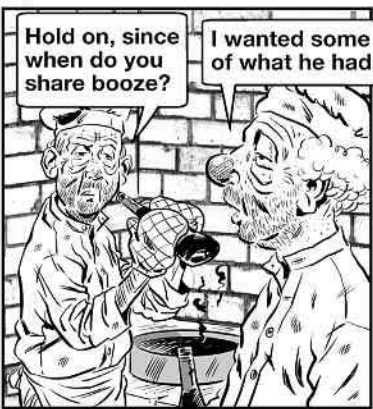
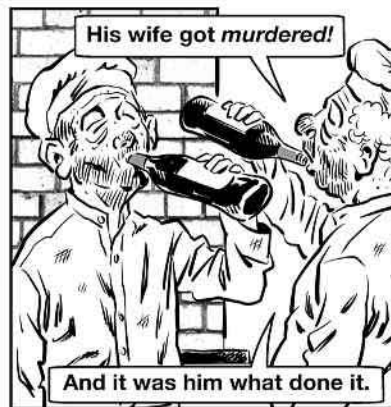
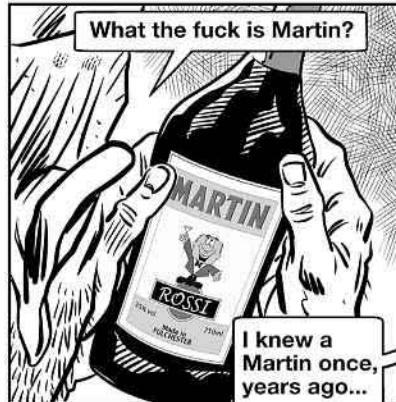
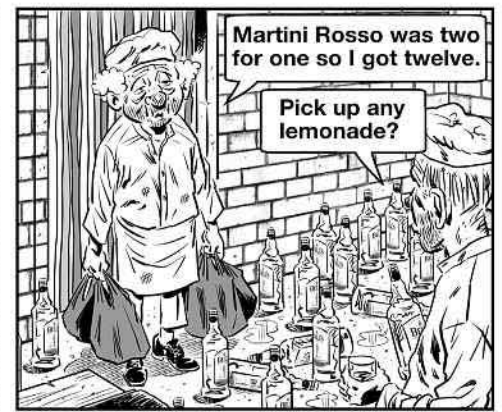


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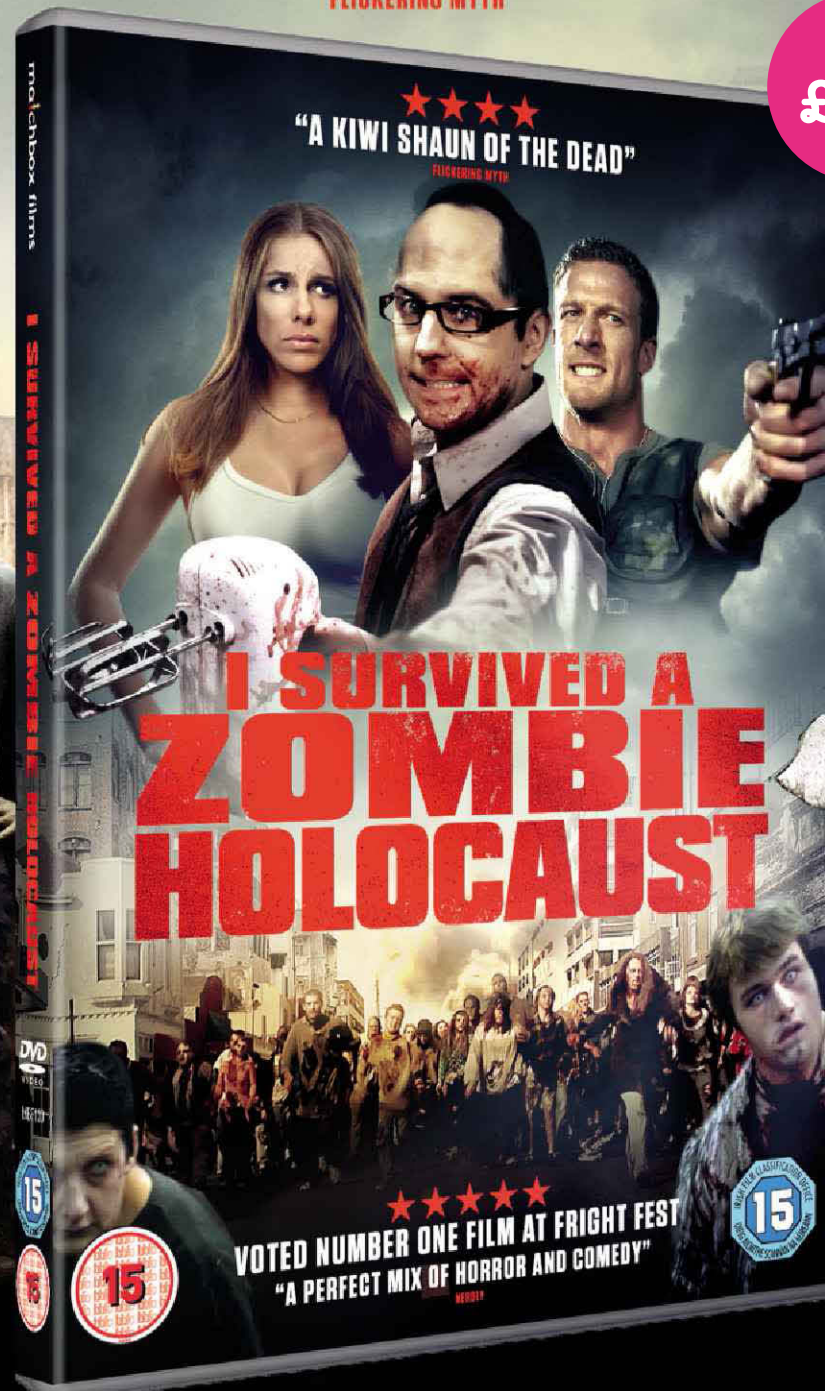
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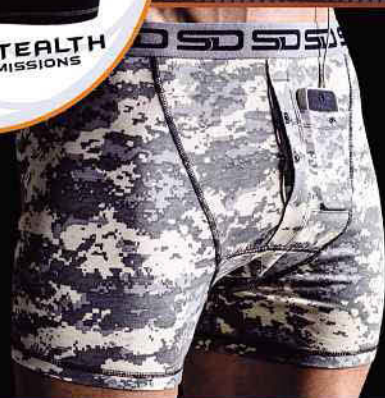
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Heaven's Above!



A HULL MAN who sent up a camera drone to check his roof for loose slates after the December storms says he has seen a vision of HEAVEN. Skidby-based brush salesman **Burton Coggles** lost control of the £35 flying device shortly after launching it in his back garden and watched helplessly as it flew into the sky and out of sight. He told us: "It wasn't responding to the controls and it kept going higher and higher until it was a tiny black dot. Then it vanished into the clouds."

"I thought that was the last I would see of it."

However, the next morning the 49-year-old father of seven found the drone crashed on the path by his front door. "It must have just come straight back down again when the batteries ran out," he said.

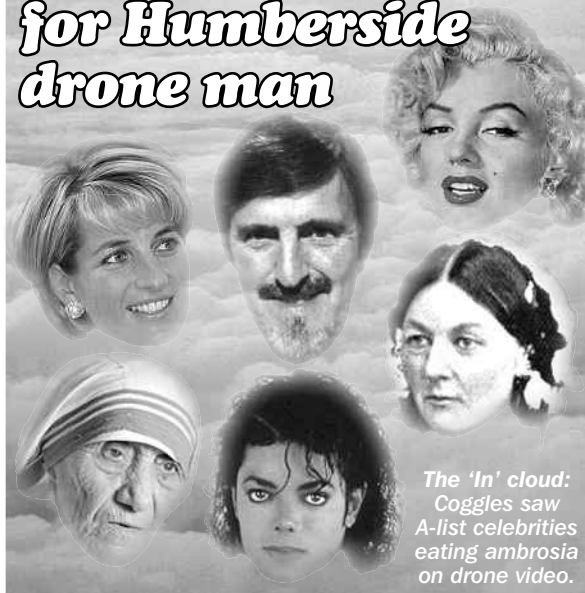
"I took it inside to see if it had managed to film anything during its flight. I was expecting a few unremarkable shots of seagulls flying past or perhaps a blurry aerial view of the Humber Bridge or the docks," he told us. Instead, when he plugged the memory card into his computer, an extraordinary image appeared on the screen... Heaven!

shafts

"Although it was only a small thumbnail, I was able to clearly make out fluffy clouds, shafts of ethereal light and loads of cherubims, seraphims and them angels with their halos and wings everywhere," said Coggles. "As you can imagine, I was trembling with excitement as I clicked on Play."

"Unbelievable though it sounds, the drone had clearly flown up into the clouds and right into the kingdom of Heaven. It had even gone over the top of the Pearly Gates," said Coggles. "You could see Saint Peter trying to swat it down as it went past, but it was too high for him to reach, even though he was stood on a stool. In the end it hovered all around the celestial city for about ten minutes, videoing everything, even God Almighty himself!"

Vision of Hereafter for Humberside drone man



The 'In' cloud: Coggles saw A-list celebrities eating ambrosia on drone video.



"He looked just like he does in the paintings, with a big white beard, sandals and a sort of toga made from a sheet. And Jesus looked a bit like Robert Powell or Mike Rutherford off of Genesis," he told us.

brims

Amazingly, the drone didn't only capture pictures of Heaven. For its on-board

microphones even managed to pick up some of the sounds of the next world. "Above the buzz of the drone's motors, I could hear harps and the ethereal singing of the choir eternal," said Coggles. "It was a beautiful, angelic sound, even coming out of the tinny speakers on my laptop. And when God spoke, he had this deep, booming voice like Orson Welles or Brian Perkins off Radio 4."

"As luck would have it, it must have been the day Lemmy died, because he turned up for his final reckoning in front of the Lord at the exact same moment my drone flew past.

I recognised him from his black cavalry hat, moustache and unsightly boils," he told



Angels delight: The sound of the choir eternal filled brush salesman's heart with indescribable joy.

us. "He was standing there, taking swigs from a bottle of Jack Daniels whilst God went through the book of his life, turning the pages and tutting to himself."

helmets

According to Coggles, God judged the Motorhead frontman harshly for his bad language, hard-drinking lifestyle and numerous extra-marital affairs with rock groupies. "The Lord was very wrathful about all the sins that Lemmy had committed during his life as a heavy metal wildman, not to mention his large collection of Nazi memorabilia, and sent him to burn in the lake of fire for all eternity," he continued.

girl

On the video, Coggles was able to spot many other late celebrities who had made it into Heaven after living good lives. He told us: "The drone managed to get a great aerial shot of Marilyn Monroe, Lady Di, Mother Teresa, Michael Jackson, Florence Nightingale and Jimmy Hill all sitting together on a cloud eating ambrosia. They had gossamer wings and shining halos." Coggles also saw his late parents and grandparents, who waved at the camera. "They looked very happy," he said.

Although he has never been a particularly religious man,



Coggles says his privileged peek into the Paradise that awaits us all on the other side has made him think again about his beliefs. "Before my drone went up into Heaven, I'd never really thought about the afterlife or what happens when we die," he told us. "But now that I've actually seen God, albeit on the screen of my laptop, it's certainly given me a pause for thought, I can tell you."

"It's got me thinking that there might be something to this religion business after all."

Sadly, the footage of God, Heaven and the angelic host was lost later that day when Coggles accidentally used the memory card out of the drone to back up his PlayStation. "I was at level eleven on Sonic the Hedgehog Two and I only had the Death Egg and Egg Gauntlet zones to go, and I must have picked up the wrong card off the side," he told us. "I could have kicked myself when I realised what I'd done."

"But it doesn't make any difference. I know what I saw on that computer," he added.

What role do the stars of the smash HBO show see for remote-controlled flying machines in the future?

GAME OF DRONES

IT'S the saucy swords'n'sorcery series that has taken the world by storm. And now, as the sixth series of George RR Martin's epic serial *Game of Thrones* gets ready to hit our screens, we visited the set and interrupted filming to ask the stars of the show to what use, in their opinion, drones will be put in the future.



WE found actress **EMILIA CLARKE**, who plays Mother of Dragons *Daenerys Targaryen*, queuing at the catering van.

"I've never really thought about it," she told us. "I suppose they could be used to help people get dressed in the morning. They could just stand there with their arms in the air while the drone hovered above them, holding their vest in some sort of solenoid-operated claw mechanism, which could open and drop it over them."

"Of course, someone else would have to operate the remote control, unless the drone was completely autonomous. But that technology is still probably further in the future," she speculated, before getting to the front of the line and ordering a breakfast in a bun with extra beans and brown sauce.

ACTOR JEROME FLYNN, who plays Lannister bodyguard *Bronn of the Blackwater*, was coming out of one of the set portaloos, doing up his trousers, when we asked him about his views on the future of drones.



"I suppose the hovering technology could be pressed into service to cut the lawn. I can imagine a future where the drones' propellers are replaced with whirring blades and the machines are flown upside down an inch above the grass to cut it," he told us.

"Of course, these devices wouldn't need to be remotely controlled, as the owner could simply hold onto a handle at the back whilst pushing it up and down the lawn. And it would be orange," he added. "I'd give it ten minutes if I was you."

WE caught up with US star **PETER DINKLAGE**, who plays *Tyrion Lannister*, in the make-up caravan, where he was having a scar put on his face using rubber glue. Dinklage told us he could imagine a role for drones around the house in tomorrow's world.

"Nowadays, if you want to turn the telly over and you've left the remote control on the other side of the lounge, you've got to get out of your chair and go and fetch it," he said. "But in the future, a remotely operated drone will go and fetch it for you."



"Of course, that's providing the remote control for the drone isn't at the other side of the room," he added. "Other specialist drones could be used to fetch the *Radio Times*, Doritos and tins of lager from the fridge."



DISHY LENA HEADEY, who stars as *Cersei Lannister* in the series, was enjoying a crafty, between-takes ciggie with some lighting technicians when we quizzed her about drones.

"Although they are merely novelties now, I could imagine drones being of great benefit to mankind in the future," she said.

"It's easy to imagine a day when McDonald's staff will no longer have to come out of the restaurant to deliver *Filet-O-Fishes*™ to the grill order parking spaces where the customers wait for them."

"In the future, a drone carrying a bag of food and a cardboard tray of drinks, will emerge from a special sliding hatch right next to the food collection window exactly four minutes after the order has been placed. Then, guided by GPS technology, it will make its way to the correct bay and deliver the wrong order, along with an insincere computerised message saying 'Sorry for your wait'," Headey added.



ACTOR AIDAN GILLEN was having a piss round the back of the soundstage when we found him. And the actor, who plays the Machiavellian *Lord Baelish*, had some startling thoughts to share about the future uses of drone technology.

"Barbers could use them in their shops to hold that mirror up behind the customers' heads when they've finished cutting their hair."

"It would speed up the whole hair-cutting process, leaving the barber's hands free to brush the hair off the back of your neck and down your collar whilst simultaneously lifting that rubber car mat thing off your shoulders. The savings made this way could be passed onto the customers," he said, whilst shaking the drips off.



SUAVE, debonair actor **SCHARLES DANCE**, who appears as Lannister clan patriarch **Lord Tywin**, was on the phone having an almighty bust-up with his wife, ex-wrestler Klondyke Kate, when we interrupted to ask him for his views about drones.

"This is a subject that concerns me deeply," he told us. "They could be put to use by trainspotters, who currently risk life and limb in pursuit of their hobby. At the moment, in order to spot a number on a train, they are often forced to lean out over the platform edge and squint through their glasses. They are only ever one slip away from disaster."

"But in the world of tomorrow, train-spotting camera drones equipped with on-board number recognition software could zoom around stations and marshalling yards with the freedom of a bird, spotting numbers such as 35627, 239674B or 575528 in less than a millisecond, whilst being controlled from the safety of the tragic railway enthusiast's bedroom in his mum's house," he said.

TOMBOY **Arya Stark** actress **MAISIE WILLIAMS** was relaxing between takes, chomping her way through a family-size bag of pickled onion Monster Munch, when we asked her to prognosticate about drones.

"When I was growing up, I always wanted to be a policewoman, so I've always been interested in crime and detection. I believe drones

would have limited use in this field, except in a very particular set of circumstances where a monk had committed a crime and gone on the run," she told us.

"Whilst he could easily ditch his habit and sandals, disguising himself in civilian clothes and losing himself in a crowd, a police drone would easily be able to hover high in the air and spot his tell-tale tonsure," she added. "Then ground-based officers could move in and taser the bastard."



ROLY-POLY actor **JOHN BRADLEY**, who plays Night's Watch stalwart **Samwell Tarly**, was escorting six giggling prostitutes up the steps of his backstage Winnebago when we buttonholed him to ask how he thought drones might shape the future.

"In my opinion, it is only a matter of time before drones take over from guide dogs. Blind people could walk down the street holding onto a hovering drone, which could act as their eyes, leading them where they want to go, negotiating obstacles and taking them safely across the road," he surmised.

"And the good news is, it wouldn't even put guide dogs out of business," Bradley continued. "Labradors are so intelligent that they could be trained to operate the drones remotely via a video link from control centres miles away, perhaps even on another continent such as North America or Asia."



Sky News

£10m drone makeover for Beeb current affairs flagship



Flying tonight: £1m drones will add aerial shots to evening news broadcasts.

On the hair: Props tangled with carrot-top Witchell's barnet

THE Ten O'Clock News is to start using drone footage in its broadcasts. Ten studio-based hovering cameras, costing £1 million each, will buzz around the lighting gantries, providing viewers with live aerial shots of their favourite newsreaders as they read that day's bulletins.

A BBC spokesperson said the decision had been taken to bring the news department into line with all the corporation's other programmes.

"Just about every show on the BBC uses drone footage these days," head of Current Affairs Jane Fichtingships told the Edinburgh Television Festival. "Countryfile, The Antiques Roadshow, Top Gear... you name it, if it's on the beeb it'll have drone footage plastered all over it like a mad woman's shit."

occasional

"Of course the Ten O'Clock News won't be filmed completely from an overhead drone," she continued. "That would be ridiculous. We're just going to intercut the occasional shot from a camera circling fifteen feet above George Alagayah or Huw Edwards in amongst the more familiar studio-floor-based footage."

snooker

Ms Fichtingships admitted that there had been some teething problems with the new technology. She said: "During a practice run-through last week, one of the drones hit a microphone boom and crash-landed on newsreader Nicholas Witchell's head and his ginger hair got tangled up in the rotors. As



the operator revved it to try and get it airborne again, it just got worse, and in the end they had to cut it out with scissors."

stymie

A clearly rattled Witchell read the news later that evening wearing a baseball hat pulled down over one side of his head to hide a bald patch, said Ms Fichtingships.

Meanwhile, news bosses have asked lady presenters including Sophie Raworth, Emily Maitlis, Fiona Bruce and Mishal Husain to wear high-necked tops when the studio drones are operating. A senior producer told us: "Newsreaders often have to report on serious and distressing subjects."

"We don't want the gravity of these stories to be diminished by viewers getting a cheap thrill by trying to look down their bras," he added.

VIZ DRONE BREACHES PALACE SECURITY



SECURITY procedures at all royal residences were being reviewed last night after a downmarket adult grin-mag managed to fly a **DRONE** into Buckingham Palace.

Viz editor **Hampton Doubleday** was able to pilot the drone, purchased for £20 on the high street, through a pantry window on the east side of the palace. Controlling it from the street, he then hovered the machine unchallenged around the corridors, staterooms and halls of the royal residence.

security

And despite invading the Queen's privacy, the magazine editor said he had "no regrets" after highlighting the shocking lack of security.

"I couldn't believe how simple it was," said the 58-year-old editor. "Nobody questioned the presence of the intruding machine in the two hours I spent flying it round. I was able to photograph butlers, priceless treasures and even some minor royals who were in the palace," he added.

train

Shockingly, Doubleday was even able to manoeuvre his flying spy in the palace directly into the Queen's private bedroom.

"Nobody said a word as I flew the drone into her Majesty's boudoir," said Doubleday. "A butler even opened the door for it."

Controlled from outside the palace gates, the drone spent the next half hour buzzing round the Queen's



We flag up lax security by flying drone into Queen's bedroom!

bedroom, photographing the contents of her wardrobe, her underwear drawer and her en-suite bathroom.

fire

"Fortunately Her Majesty was not in residence at the time, as she was opening a supermarket in Wales. But if she had been, I could of

Alarming:
RC device
photographed
Queen's bed-
side table.



The Queen's breach: Viz editor Doubleday (inset) was able to fly camera drone (left) through gaps in Buckingham Palace (top) gates.

photographed her in bed, in the bath, or even sitting on her thunderbox," Doubleday told us.

praetorian

Conservative MP for Fulchester South, Sir Anthony Regents-Park called the intrusion "a shocking breach of palace procedures," and said that a thorough investigation must be held to highlight the unacceptable lapse in security.

"If it is this easy for a downmarket four-letter magazine to infiltrate the most tightly guarded house in the land, imagine how easy it would be for the likes of Isis to do the same," he thundered. "And what if, instead of a camera, there was a dirty bomb strapped to the drone? The consequences simply don't bear thinking about," he added.

body

Sir Anthony went on to thank Viz Comic and editor Doubleday for bringing this deficiency in security to light.

"As a nation, we cannot thank them enough," he told a packed House of Commons. "And I ask everyone in Britain to send Viz Comic a cheque for £50 for the service they have done highlighting the gaping holes in Royal security," he continued, to loud cheers from both sides of the floor.

operator

When order was restored, Speaker of the House John Bercow suggested that cheques should be made payable to Viz Comic, and that the cheque guarantee card number should be written clearly on the back.

"Or appreciative Britons may prefer to send cash to Viz Comic, PO Box 841, Whitley Bay, NE26 9EQ," he said, to excited waving of papers and cries of "Hear, hear!"

UK grumble ace se

VETERAN stickman **Ben Dover** has announced an ambitious plan to start using drones to shoot his adult movies. The perennially priapic national treasure, 81, hopes that the remote control hovering cameras will add a new and dynamic dimension to his hardcore productions.

"We'll be able to get some angles that I just can't manage by myself," said Dover, who writes, directs, shoots, edits and distributes all his own videos.

"When I was younger, I was a lot more flexible and I could get my camera right down into the pink so you could see everything," he told us. "These days, my back's gone and it's even a chore for me to bend down and tie my laces. And the cinematography is suffering as a result."

bollocks

Dover's drone-mounted video cameras will fly up close to his performers, swooping between legs, avoiding bollocks and getting hitherto unimaginable shots of the animalistic hardcore action.

Dover admits that the use of the hovering gadgets on a porn set is not without its potential problems, he told us: "There is a risk that, during a close-up flyby,

Drones

AMISH elders in **Pennsylvania** yesterday gave the thumbs up for their members to play with drones. The traditionalist Christian sect, who shun all modern technology, made the exception because the remote control flying gadgets "were such good fun."

"I had a go with one and it was ace," Amish leader Jonas Swartzentruber told *The Plain Living Gazette*. "It went right up over the barn, buzzed the woodshed and did a loop-the-loop. I landed it right on top of the chicken coop. It was awesome."

faith

However, Swartzentruber said there were still strict limitations on the use of drones by followers of the faith, which follows a strict doctrine of



et to use r/c technology to shoot scud

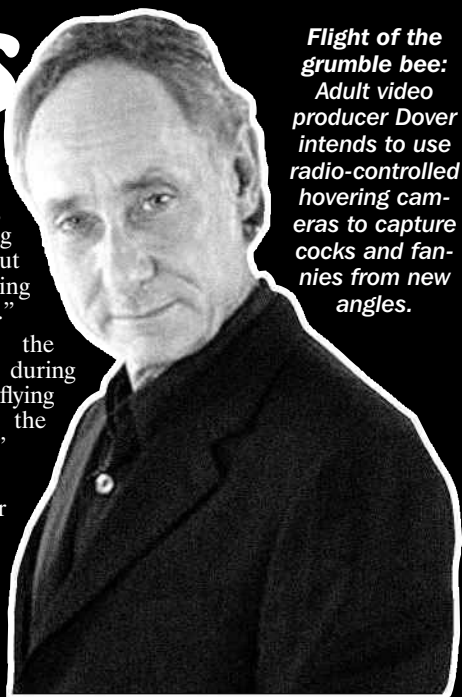
Bone-ons to Drone- ons

the downdraught from the fans could cool an actor's ardour. Also, the high-pitched whining noise might drown out performers' unconvincing grunts, groans and gasps."

"And there's also the nightmare scenario that, during a money shot, a glob of flying jtitler could hit one of the rotors and bring it down."

dinner

But these are risks Dover is willing to take. He told us: "In many ways, pornography is just like wildlife film-making. The BBC's natural history series have raised the bar for all of us. The public now expects much higher production values than they used to in the old days. Thanks to HDTV and Blu-ray, Beautifully composed images and imaginative camerawork are the order of the day, whatever field of movie making you are in."

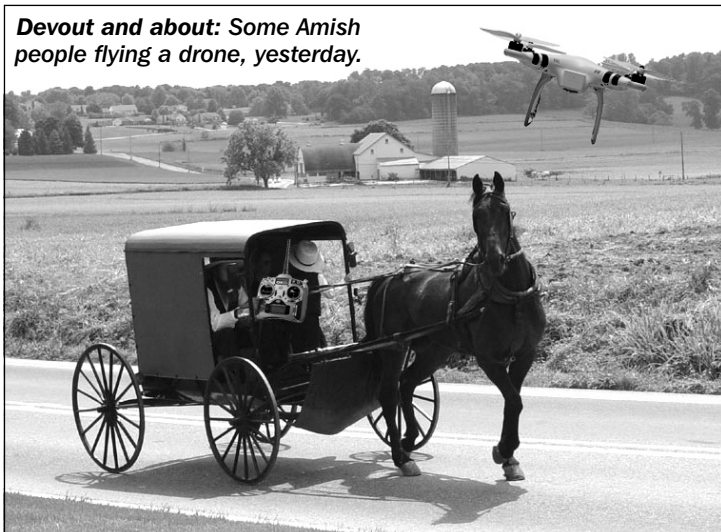


Flight of the grumble bee: Adult video producer Dover intends to use radio-controlled hovering cameras to capture cocks and fannies from new angles.

"The only difference between me and David Attenborough is that he films lions, wildebeests and iguanas whilst I film single mothers from Leeds with tattoos on their tits," he added.

OK, say Amish

Devout and about: Some Amish people flying a drone, yesterday.



simple living that rejects all forms of technology.

"They mustn't put cameras on them, and when they're out flying them they must wear a straw hat, braces

and a shirt with no buttons on."

"And when they go to buy new batteries from Maplins, they have to go in a horse and cart," he added. "And have a beard."

Break-in News

Thief drones set to revolutionise burglary business

WE ARE all agreed that new technology is a wonderful thing. But sooner or later, there's a chance of it falling into the wrong hands and getting used for illicit purposes. Mobile phones, the internet and GPS sat-navs are all now routinely used by criminals to arrange, carry out, and cover up their despicable crimes. And it appears that drones could be the next tool in their arsenal.



For according to the National Union of Intruders, Housebreakers and Ratboys, home burglaries could be completely automated within the next few years. The professional body says that by 2020, criminals could be using drones to break into your house, steal your stuff and deliver a shit onto the living room carpet.

"Gone are the days when burglars had to tramp the streets with a swag bag, a jemmy and the turtle's head," said NUIHR spokesman Noshier Bent. "If Amazon can deliver your new telly with a drone, we can take it away just as easily using the same technology."

felonious

"Within the next five years, my felonious members will be able to turn over a gaff and leave a dollop on the rug in half the time it takes now, and all without leaving the comfort of their own home," added Mr Bent. "Thanks to drones, the future's looking bright for tea-leaves."

franciscan

But some older members of the burglars' union were less keen to embrace the changes in working practices. 56-year-old housebreaker Nobby Fletcher told us he was finding it difficult to adapt to the new technology.

benedictine

"I've been turning over drums in the time-honoured way for forty years," he told us. "I tried to do my first job with a drone last week, and it was a farce."

"I got it out of the box and I couldn't understand the instructions. They may as well have been in Chinese for all the sense they made," he said. "I eventually got it going and tried



Flight fingered: House breakers could be using drones by 2020, says burglars' union.

to fly it through a window of a flat in Cricklewood but it kept going upside down. Then one of the neighbours called the police."

shaolin

Mr Fletcher said he would be sticking to his traditional burgling techniques. "Breaking in and shitting on the floor by hand was good enough for my dad and my grandad," he continued. "I learned my trade at their knees."

"Drones are just another passing fad. At the end of the day, you can't beat sneaking round in the dark with a crowbar and a mole at the counter," he added.

buddhist

But Inspector Frank Slippers of the Metroploitan Police advised the public to be vigilant. "We would ask anyone who sees any drone hovering suspiciously to call the police," he said.

FIVE YEARS AGO we didn't know what they were, because they hadn't even been invented. But now they have and they're the must-have fad gadget of 2016. They're **DRONES**, and they're literally everywhere, buzzing round our heads 24-7. But how much do you really know about these hovering electronic marvels? Prepare to lift off and get stuck eighty foot up in a fucking tree as we take an aerial view of...

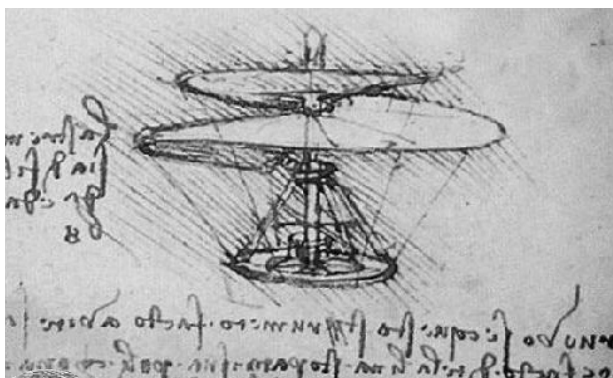
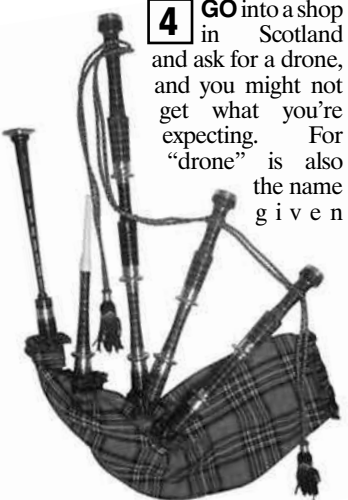
10 Things You Never Knew About DRONES

1 **ALTHOUGH** they've only been in the shops for a couple of years, the first drone was invented by Renaissance genius Leonardo da Vinci, when he took his earlier invention of the helicopter and mounted four of them on a pair of crossed coat hangers. Amazingly, the device worked first time, rising vertically to a height of 100 feet before suddenly veering off to the left, hitting the Leaning Tower of Pisa and crashing into a pond.

2 **DRONES** aren't the first things to hover above the ground. Mother Nature has been making things that hover for hundreds of years, including humming birds, wasps and those hawk things you see at the side of the motorway looking for mice.

3 **THE** drone was actually invented by Sir Christopher Cockerell way back in the 1950s. He designed the device - which he called a "hovercraft" - to take aerial photographs of the fruity piece next door sunbathing in her garden. But when he tried it out, due to the excessive weight of its giant engines, it only went up about four inches off the ground, not high enough to get over the fence. Eventually, Cockerell adapted his design to carry fare-paying passengers to France to buy carloads of cheap wine. But only when it wasn't too windy.

4 **GO** into a shop in Scotland and ask for a drone, and you might not get what you're expecting. For "drone" is also the name given



to each of the three hollow tubes that stick out of the top of a set of bagpipes, allowing the traditional Scottish instrument to make its characteristic fucking awful racket.

5 **BRITISH** astronaut Major Tim Peake took a small radio-controlled drone with him on his recent mission to the ISS. However, when he reached the orbiting space platform, Peake was devastated to realise that he had brought AA batteries for the device when it actually took AAAs. Ironically, it didn't matter in the end, because in the weightless vacuum of space Peake's drone hovers in mid-air without even needing to be switched on.

6 **ONLINE** retailer Amazon insist that by 2020 they will routinely be delivering packages using autonomous, self-piloting drones which will land on special pads placed in their customers' gardens. But they won't.

7 **THE** world's smallest man, Calvin Phillips, recently treated himself to

the world's smallest drone, which is no bigger than a 2 pence piece. However, after unboxing it, Phillips was unable to get his flying toy airborne, as the batteries



required to power it are size AAAAAAAAAAAAAA. No bigger than a grain of rice, these tiny power cells were not available at his local garage or indeed anywhere.

8 **ON** Christmas morning 2015, Britons unwrapped an estimated 15 million drones. By lunchtime, over 11 million of them were stuck in trees, wedged in gutters or tangled in television aerials.

9 **BY** tea time, so were the other 4 million.

10 **EVEN** though they give up all their earthly belongings and chattels when they enter a monastery, monks have owned drones for centuries. But these

drones aren't the remote control electronic gadgets the rest of us are familiar with... they're **BEES**! Drones are stingless male bees who gather in large groups and all attempt to mate with a single female at the same time. A bit like premiership footballers in hotel rooms.



Micro-Drones, My Arse!

MINIATURE flying drones the size of pinheads could soon be helping doctors diagnose bowel conditions, according to a report in this week's British Medical Journal.

Engineers at the University of Fulchester are in the process of developing tiny micro-drones which will be able to fly up a patient's arse to spot polyps, warts and internal piles. At present, doctors can only identify such abnormalities using long probe-like cameras inserted into the rectum, an uncomfortable procedure and one not without risk.

diagnosis

"These little endo-flying machines are going to make diagnosis of these conditions a whole lot safer," said project leader Professor Johnny Kwango.

she wrote

"It's a bit like that film The Fantastic Voyage, but instead of being piloted by a tiny Donald Pleasance and Raquel Welch, these drones will be remotely controlled by a medical professional," he added.

Spy in the Brown Eye Set to Revolutionise Medicine

Funding for the project came in the unlikely form of sponsorship by soft drinks manufacturer Red Bull, who are better known for putting their name to extreme sports. But Red Bull spokesman Hyman K Oysterburger said that supporting bowel research was a breath of fresh air to his company.

midsomer

"Putting our name to snowboarding events, motocross jumping shows and air races is all well and good, but we wanted to lend support to grass roots medical research too,"



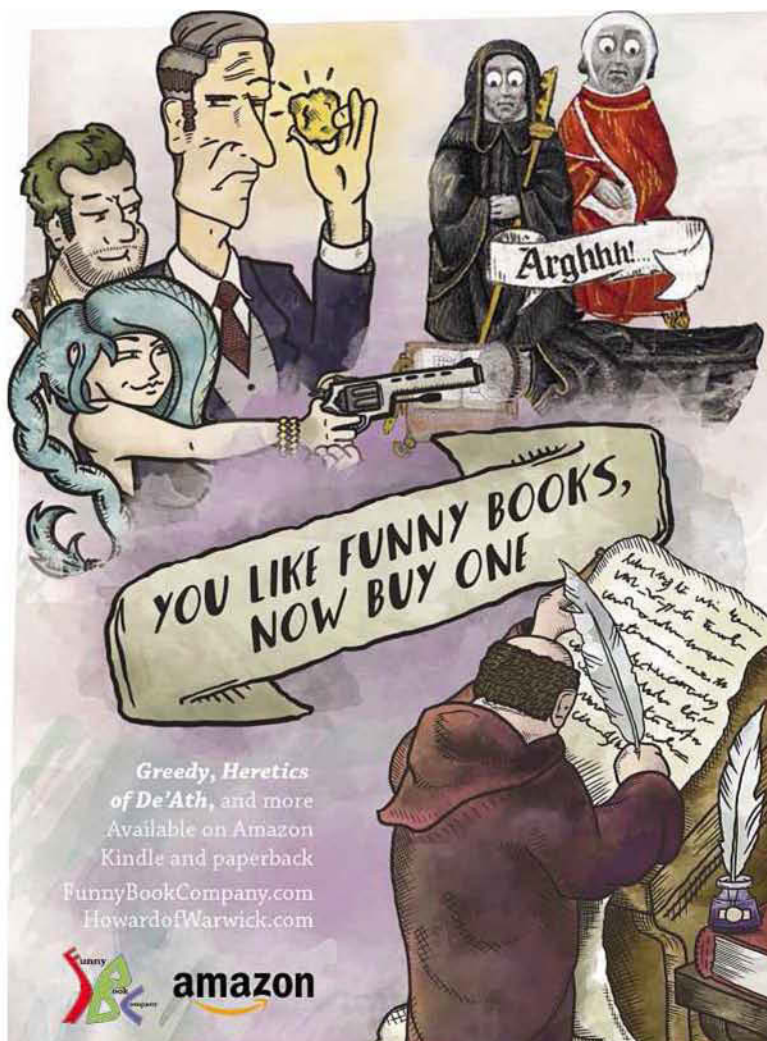
Hairy caecum: Drones will fly up alimentary canal.

he told reporters. "And as medical research goes, this is pretty exciting stuff," he added.

of crows

"These little ass drones are going to have our logo all over them. And the surgeon who flies them is under instructions to do a few barrel rolls while examining the intestinal walls, and maybe show off with a couple of three-sixty loop the loops," he added.

"Whatever, it's gonna be one hell of a show of rectal aerobatics."



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DAVID FROST, BBC TV



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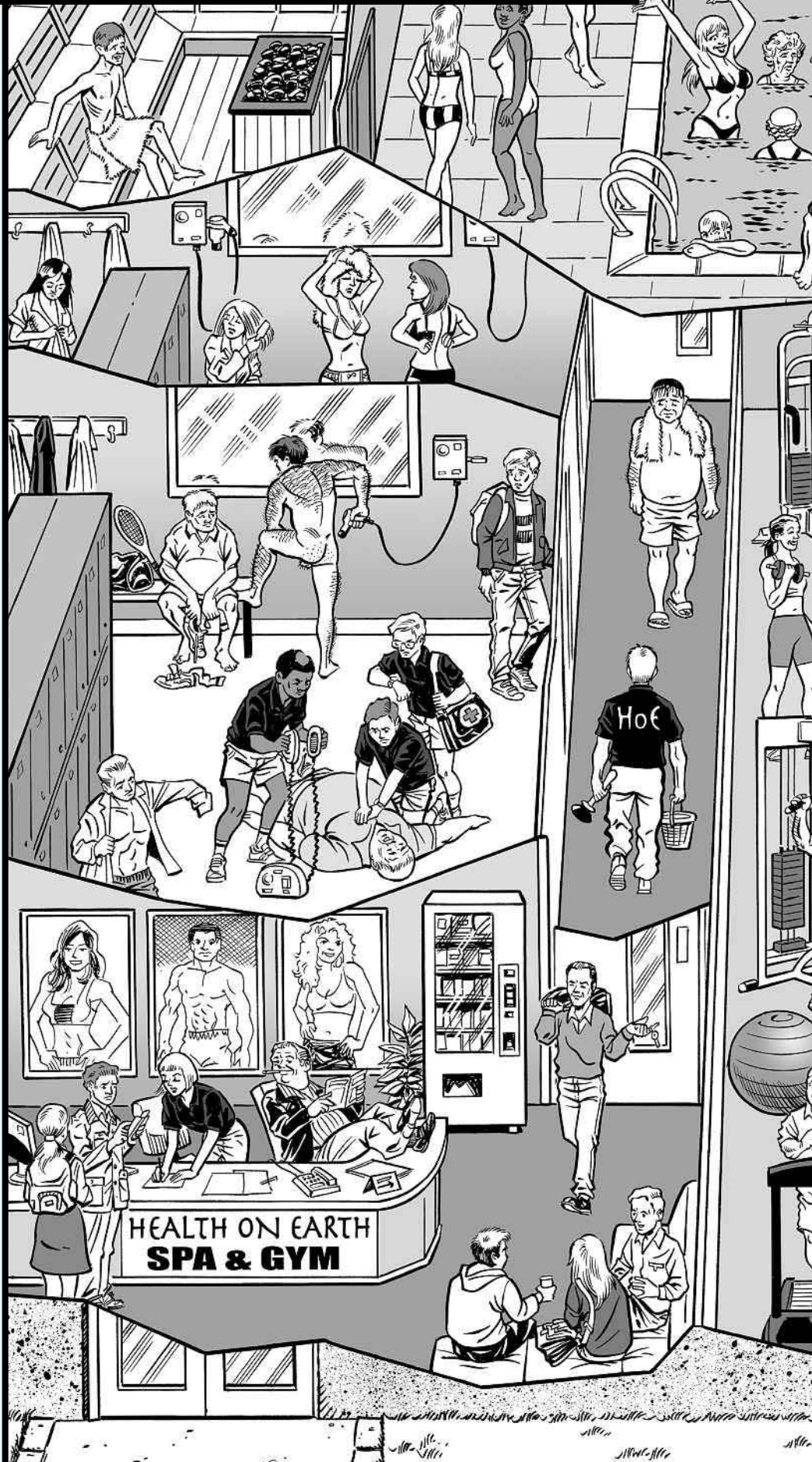
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AFTER THE FESTIVE over-indulgences of December, and January's failed New Year's Resolutions, February is the time of year when we finally get serious about our health and join our local gym. And whilst health clubs used to be the preserve of an elite few, with exclusive establishments like Champneys catering to a well-heeled clientele keen to get in shape, nowadays they are springing up everywhere and anyone can join. Tagged onto budget hotels, hastily installed in former gas showrooms or squeezed into disused call centre offices, it is estimated that there are now more than ten million health clubs in Britain. But what exactly goes on behind the doors of these temples to bodily perfection? Let's take a peek and ask...

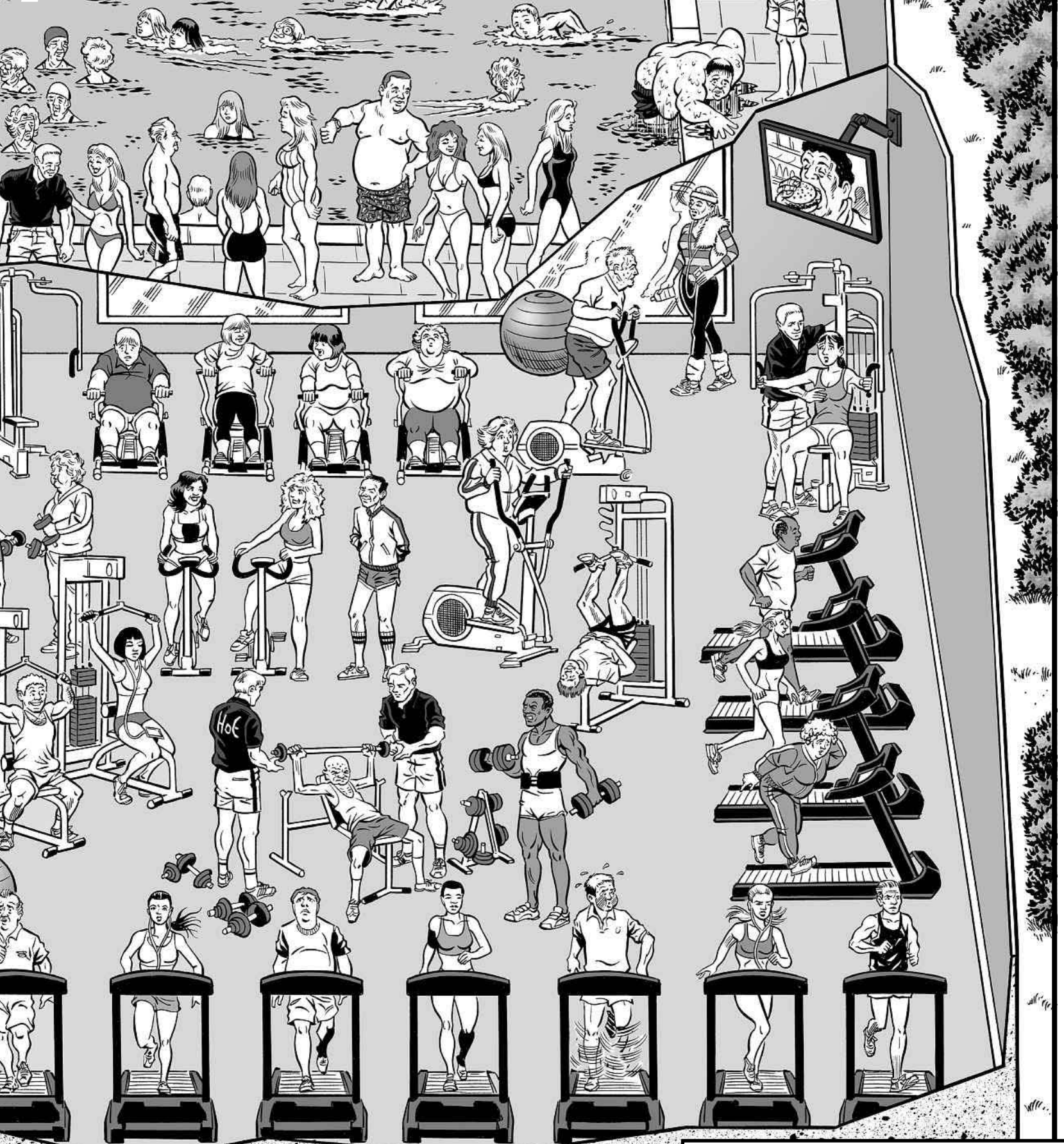
...What
YOU

Can YOU spot...

- **A 40-stone man** on his first and last visit, having CPR after collapsing whilst trying to do up the laces on his trainers.
- **A man drying his knackers** and barse with one of the communal hairdryers.
- **Some selfish twat** taking the locker key home, thus rendering it his own personal locker.
- **A bloke** who's just popped a massive hernia after overloading a weight machine whilst trying to impress a woman.
- **Two women** gossiping on adjacent rowing machines who, after two hours, have clocked up a hundred metres of light sculling between them.
- **A 50-year-old man** who ran a half-marathon in his twenties, trying to match his personal best after spending the intervening three decades eating pies and smoking Capstan full strength.
- **A woman** anxiously checking the calorie counter on her treadmill until it's clocked up enough to justify a Mars Bar out the vending machine in the foyer.
- **An attractive middle-aged woman** who never breaks a sweat, but comes to the gym to model her new exercising outfit, which changes with every visit.
- **A man** waiting for a woman to finish her strenuous workout on the exercise bike, who will then put his face a little too close to the saddle when adjusting the height.
- **A couple of sexy women** who only go in once a month but nevertheless appear in all the gym's publicity photographs.
- **The owner of the gym**, whose portfolio also includes six pubs and a chain of chip shops.
- **An 85-year-old man** desperately hoping to postpone death by bench pressing 2 kilogrammes.
- **A staff member** who is very hands-on when demonstrating how to use the equipment to female members.
- **An 80-year-old woman** who swims for half an hour every night at continental drift speed, without getting her hair wet.
- **A young man** with goggles who makes a habit of tailgating young women doing the breaststroke.
- **A businessman** who only goes to the pool to demonstrate to young women how waterproof his £5,000 Rolex is.
- **A 40-stone man** with circus tent swimming trunks, who stands for twenty minutes at the end of the pool splashing water over his shoulders before hauling himself out and going to sit in the steam room.
- **An aquarobics class**, with a super-fit 20-year-old instructor playing techno music whilst half a dozen deaf, incontinent octogenarian women bob up and down in the water.
- **Someone** using an exercise machine incorrectly, who consequently thinks he's a lot fitter than he is.
- **A man** who has eaten nothing but a health bar all day, watching *Man vs Food* whilst doing 10k on the cross trainer.
- **A bloke** who has accidentally set a suicidal pace on his treadmill, but has opted for potential death rather than the embarrassment of slowing it down to a more survivable speed.
- **A couple** paying their yearly subscriptions who, the same as every year, will never come back.
- **A 6-stone man** who spends all night every night in the sauna in the vain hope that a gorgeous woman might walk in, they'd get chatting and one thing would lead to another, like in an *Electric Blue* video his brother once lent him.
- **A member of staff** with a degree in Physiology, an MBA in Business Management and a PhD in Sports Psychology unblocking one of the lavatories.



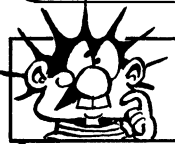
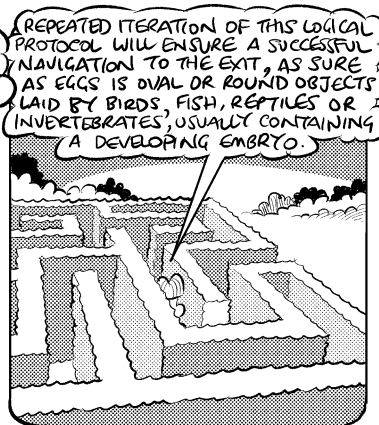
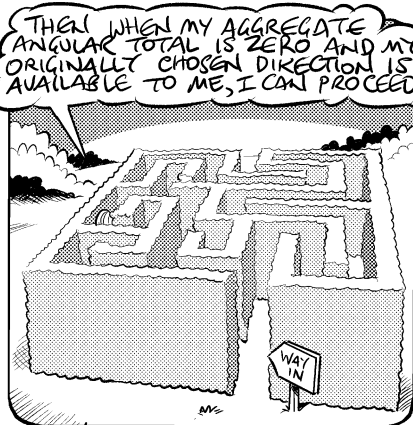
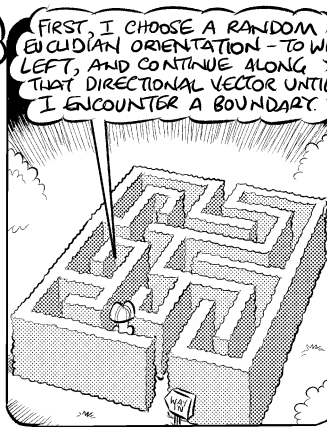
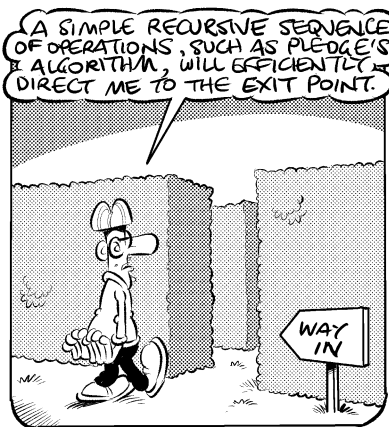
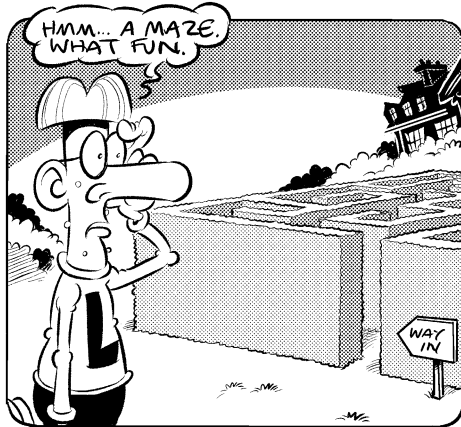
What can YOU spot... at the Health Club?



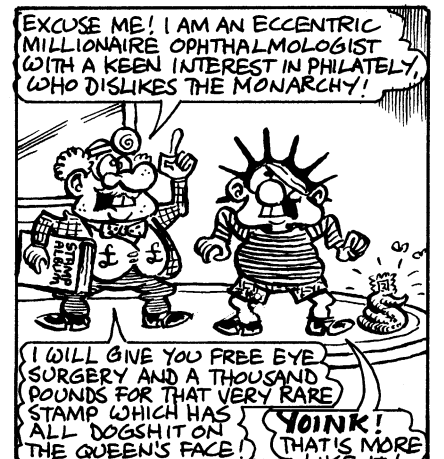
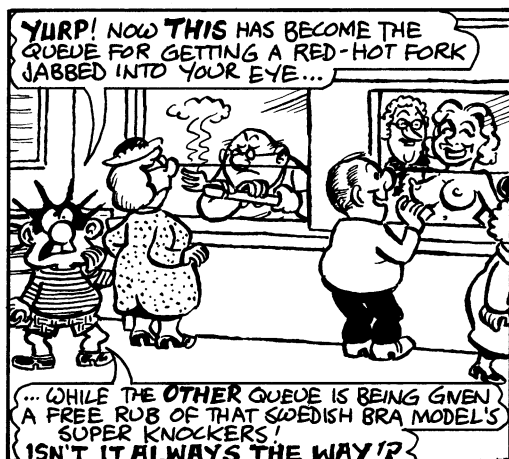
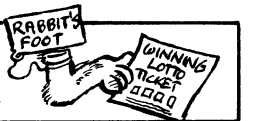
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What can YOU spot at the
Potato Marketing Board?

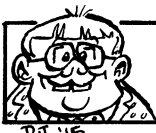
MR. LOGIC

HE'S AN ACUTE LOCALISED
BODILY SMART IN THE
RECTAL AREA.

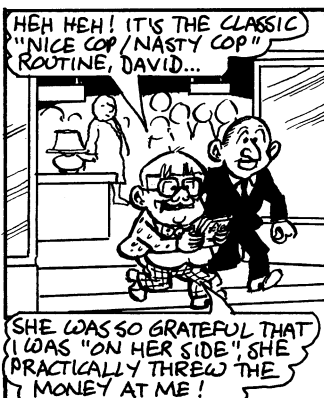
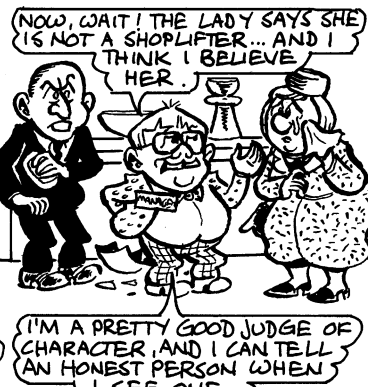
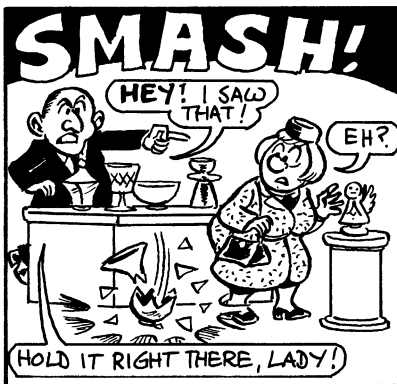
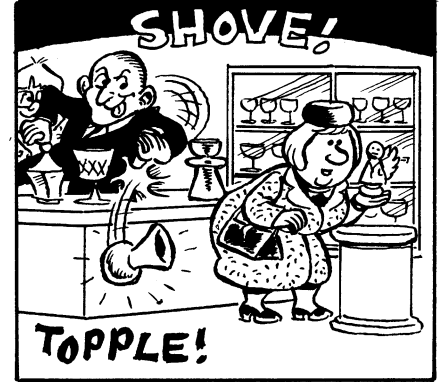


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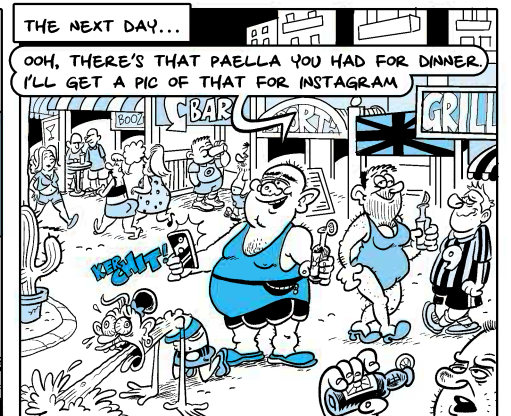
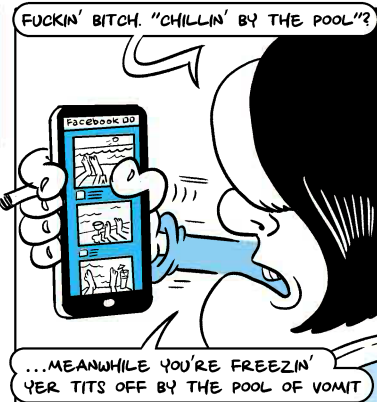
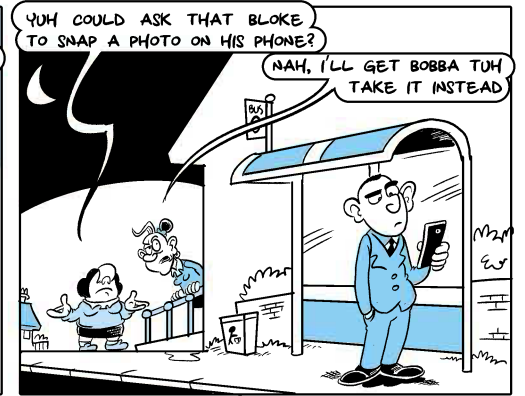
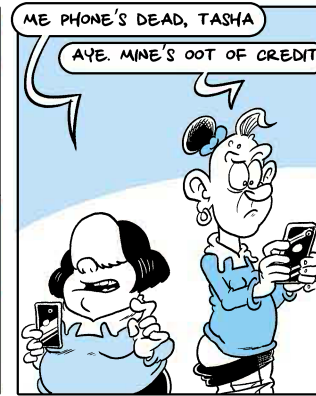
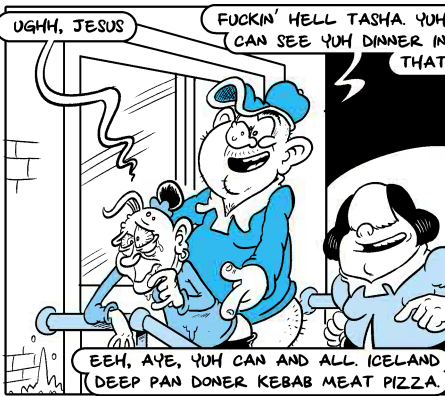
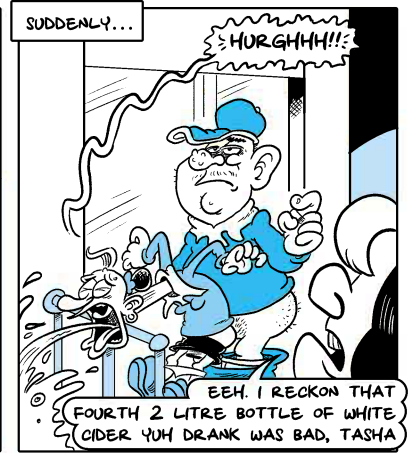
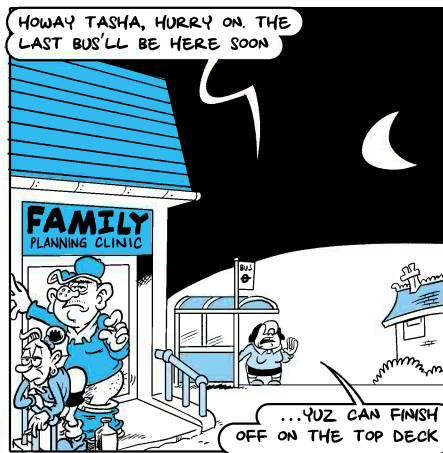
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"I've fathered more stars than you've had hot dinners," says Britain's most prolific sperm donor

Meet King Spunk

As told to
Fanny Gaslight

A **FLEETWOOD MAN** who has been making regular deposits at a sperm bank for the last fifty years says he is finally hanging up his wanking spanners. "It's time to retire," says **Bernie Pluckacre, 75**. "I've been pulling myself off for profit for half a century and it's time to take it easy and enjoy a bit of me-time."

"From now on, when I pull myself off it will be for pleasure only."

During his career, Pluckacre reckons his seed has resulted in more than 100,000 births, earning him his nickname of King Spunk. "That's what they call me down at the sperm bank," Bernie says. And even more amazingly, out of that Wembley Stadium-filling brood of offspring, many have gone on to become household names.

"The rollcall of stars that have issued from my fertile loins reads like a Who's Who of A-listers," he chuckles. "I couldn't be more proud of my kids and what they've achieved."

Bernie opened his wank account at the Lytham St Annes Sperm Bank in 1965. "I was unemployed at the time and I'd run up quite a tab at the

Bernie the Jizzbolt: 75-year-old Fleetwood sperm donor Bernard Pluckacre is convinced that he is the father of Prime Minister.

bookies," he remembers. "A mate of mine at the pub told me you could get two and six a pop at the local fertility centre, so I went down there straight away. It seemed a good way to turn my hobby into a living."

"I had to fill in a few forms at the reception desk, but I soon found myself in a booth with a small pot and a copy of Health and Efficiency. It was really soft stuff. There wasn't even any pubes in it because the Lord Chamberlain's office used to airbrush them out.

But I'd worked with worse. I flicked through the pages and carried on regardless. Two minutes later the job was done and I was heading off down the street with the missing fish in my pants and a shiny half crown in my pocket. As I walked into Ladbrokes I reflected that it was the easiest money I'd ever earned.

I'd had a hot tip about a horse that was running in the 4.15 at Kempton Park. According to my source, whose brother-in-law's mate was a stable boy at Towcester, all the other horses in the race had been nobbled and it couldn't lose.

"...I soon found myself in a booth with a small pot and a copy of Health and Efficiency. It was really soft stuff. There wasn't even any pubes in it..."



Unfortunately, it went down at the first fence, broke a leg and had to be shot. I was gutted. I'd lost my money even quicker than I'd earned it.

But here's the thing, exactly nine months later to the day, a baby called David Cameron was born in Marylebone Hospital, London.

Now I'm not saying that his mother used a turkey baster full of my jizzler. But just consider the evidence: we both have green eyes and we both have hair loss problems - Cameron a slightly receding hairline and myself

completely bald except for some tufts over my ears.

And the name of the nag that I blew my wad on that day in 1965? It was Downing Street Lad. Coincidence? Perhaps. Or then again perhaps not. I'll leave it up to others to decide."

Over the next few years, Bernie's betting tab at the bookmakers continued to grow, and he found himself visiting the clinic four or five times a week in an attempt to keep the bailiffs from his front door.

"By the early seventies, the jazzmags in the booth had improved quite a bit. They were in colour for a start, and printed on glossy paper, although there were still crude black stars censoring all the good bits. Nevertheless, it all made the job a bit easier to complete, and I got my time down to an impressive minute and a half. Of course, prices continued to rise, and the sperm bank's rate of pay went up accordingly. I was now getting ten bob a shot, or fifty pence in the new money.

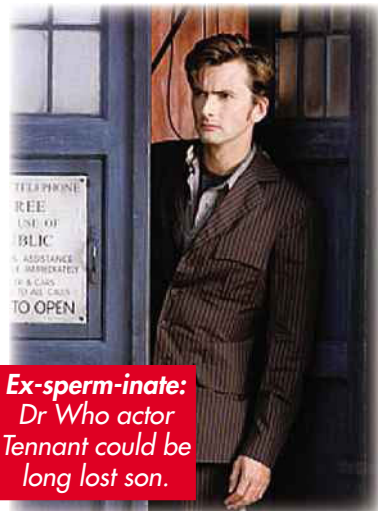
I remember this one time, I put in a ninety second shift on a Wednesday afternoon, collected my wages of sin and headed straight for my local greyhound track. I'd met a bloke at the pawnbrokers who owned a share in one of the dogs. He'd told me, in strictest confidence, that the

trainer had been feeding it nothing but strong laxatives and liquorice allsorts for a week. He explained that nothing runs faster than a lean, hungry dog with no shit in it, and this one - called Dr Who - was just a bag of bones. There was no way it could lose.

I put my spunk money on it at 20-1 and retired to the stands to watch my dog romp home a mile ahead. Unfortunately, I think the trainer must have overdone it on the starving. As the hare whizzed past, Dr Who stumbled out of the trap, weak as a kitten, and collapsed on the ground. The greyhound attempted to stand up on its shaking legs, but collapsed back to the ground too weak to even support its own weight and I wept at the thought of my hard-on-earned cash that I had just thrown away on my reckless wager.



Long shot: Pluckacre wagered ejaculation bonus at 20-1.



Ex-sperm-inate:
Dr Who actor
Tennant could be
long lost son.

I thought no more about it until 2005, when a little-known actor called David Tennant took over the role of Dr Who. Of course, all the transactions at the fertility clinic are confidential, and nobody ever knows whose fanny their tadpoles eventually end up up.

But when I checked Tennant's birthdate and discovered it was exactly nine months after that day at the dog track, I couldn't help harbouring a suspicion that the Timelord's mum might have popped into Lytham and been given a bottle of my spangle. After the David Cameron affair, I wondered now if there weren't mysterious forces at work. Were the fates giving me cryptic hints about the famous children I had anonymously fathered?"

As his gambling debts spiralled, the frequency of Pluckacre's visits to the clinic increased. And so did the clues to the identities of the celebrities he believed himself to have anonymously sired.

"In the eighties, the quality of the mags in the clinic went through the roof. Many of them were imported and you could see everything ... spam butterflies, hamburger shots, close up pink, the lot. As a consequence, I was never in my booth for more than a minute before I made a deposit.

And the icing on the cake? I was now getting proper money - two pound fifty a whack. You don't need to be a mathematician to work out that, with me making ten visits a week to the sperm bank, financially I was doing pretty well. Not to put too fine a point on it, I should have been living high on the hog.

Unfortunately, I'd had some terrible luck on the gee-gees. My losing spell had now lasted the best part of twenty years. As a result I owed a lot of money and most of the bookies in Fleetwood were looking for me. I could never have hoped to tug myself out of debt. That would have been a physical impossibility, even if I had a hundred cocks. No, I had to be realistic, I was going to have to put all my jizz money on a long odds bet and hope that the Gods were smiling on me.

A mate of mine was a copper, and he told me that all the big money was in dog fighting. I'd heard there was a fight planned one night for an outbuilding behind the Old King Cole pub up near Bispham. On my way I popped into the clinic to pick up a bit of stake money. They'd had these new fangled things called videos fitted in the booths, which were showing mucky films. They were pretty hardcore - I'd never seen anything like it. My eyes were out on stalks. I barely even had to rub it and I was out of there in thirty seconds with a smile on my face and a pocket full of cash.

At the dog fight, I knew it was all or nothing. The dogs were barking and snarling at one another, desperate



Wank outsiders: Pluckacre had run of bad luck on the horses.

to get on with it. One of the bookies realised I was a rookie and kindly explained to me that in dog fighting, just like boxing, winning is more about what you can take without going down than what you can dish out. You should always bet on the dog with the most scars because they are the ones who can clearly take the punishment, he told me.

Needless to say, I heeded his expert advice and slapped my two pounds fifty on a battered-looking old dog with no ears, no tail and one eye. I got good odds too, 100-1, enough to pay off at least part of the tabs I'd run up with one of the bookies. I wasn't given a betting slip; this was an unlicensed meeting and everything was done on trust. In the end it didn't make any difference, because my dog got its throat ripped out thirty seconds after it went in the ring.

Twenty-odd years later, I was watching television and a brand new girl group came on to sing their latest single. They were called Girls Aloud and one of the singers reminded me of myself. I couldn't put my finger on exactly what it was, just something about the way she moved, the way she held herself.

Somehow, I wasn't surprised to learn that she was called Cheryl Cole, and she had been born exactly nine months after that fateful evening at the dog fight behind the Old King Cole pub."

Bernie was now absolutely convinced that he had unknowingly fathered hundreds of celebrities. Looking back at his diaries and his copies of the Racing Post, he has been able to identify a glittering array of famous progeny. He believes the evidence is overwhelming and he

provides several examples to back up his claims, including...

- 1-Direction singer **Harry Styles**, born in 1994, exactly nine months after Bernie lost his £5 sperm money betting on a horse called **Go Harry Go**, which was disqualified for excessive use of the whip.
- Football star **David Beckham**, born in 1975, exactly nine months after Bernie lost his 50p sperm money in a Manchester United-branded fruit machine.
- **Prince William**, born in 1982, exactly nine months after Bernie lost his £2.50 sperm money after wagering it on a badger that was torn to pieces by six border terriers on some wasteground near the Billy Prince trading estate, just outside Lytham.

Pluckacre says he has enjoyed every moment of his his long career, but now retirement has been forced on him. "My tadpoles are still as swimmy as ever. The doctors at the sperm bank told me that if there was a jism olympics, mine would be Mark Spitz. But I'm afraid age has finally caught up with me and my wrists are going," he says.

"I'm just happy that thanks to my tireless efforts in that booth over the last half century, I have given the gift of life to some of this country's best loved and wealthiest celebrities. I know I wasn't

there for them when they were growing up, and I've never met any of them, but surely the least they could do is all chip in to pay off some of their old dad's gambling debts."

"I remember in 1965, losing seven bob on a whippet called Wizard Prang, nine months before JK Rowling

was born. Surely she can spare a little bit from all her Harry Potter millions so I can clear the slate and start again. Just £600 would do it."



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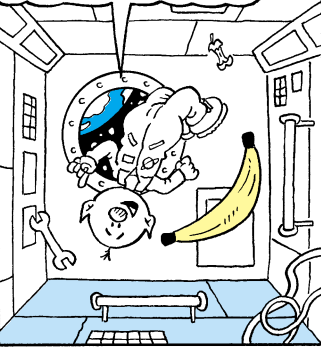
GROUND CONTROL TO MAJOR

TOMMY 'BANANA' JOHNSON



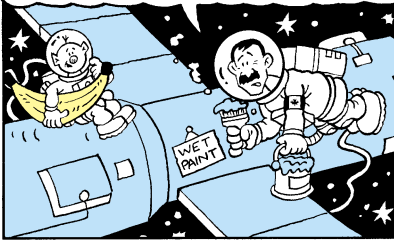
HE'S GOT A BIG BANANA ON THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION. WITH ASTRONAUT GUEST STARS MAJOR TIM PEAKE, COMMANDER CHRIS HADFIELD AND EDWIN 'BUZZ' ALDRIN.

I THINK I'LL GO FOR A SPACEWALK TODAY.

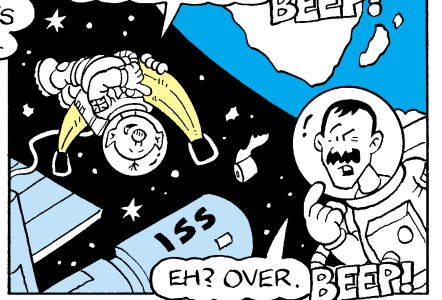


OUTSIDE...

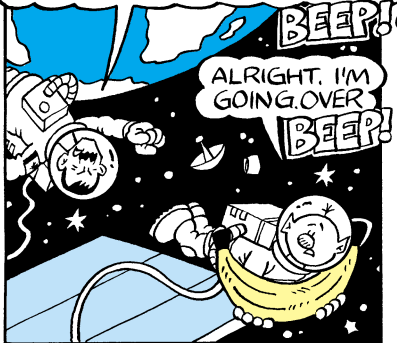
OH DEAR, I'VE GIVEN THE ISS A LICK OF PAINT, BUT IT'S TAKING A LONG TIME TO DRY IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE, AND IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S GOING TO BE A METEOR SHOWER.



HEY, COMMANDER HADFIELD, WHY NOT USE MY BANANA AS A GIANT SPACE HAIRDRYER TO DRY THE PAINT? OVER.

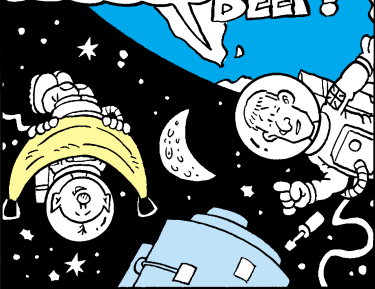


PISS OFF, AND TAKE YOUR GIANT FRIGGIN' BANANA WITH YOU. OVER.

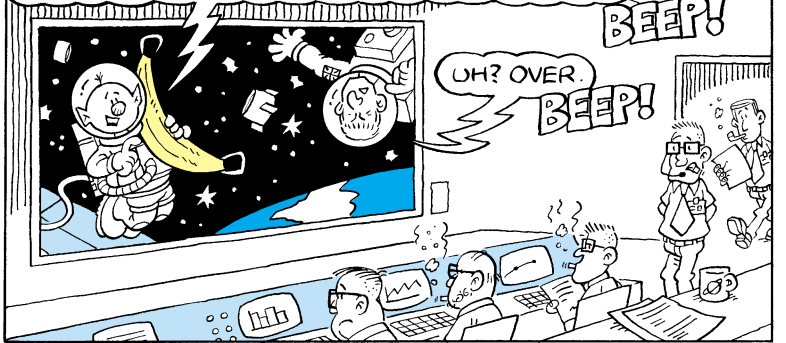


LATER...

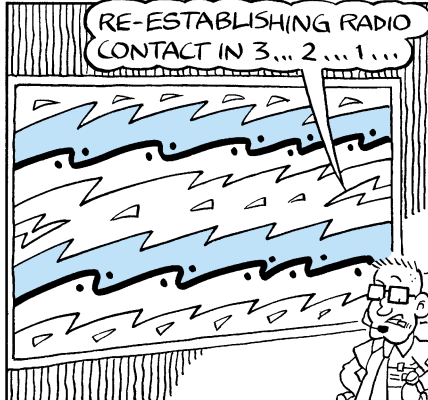
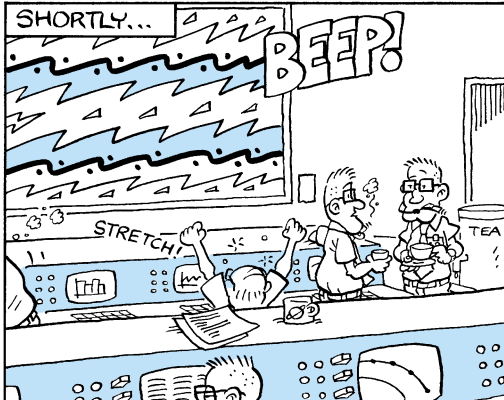
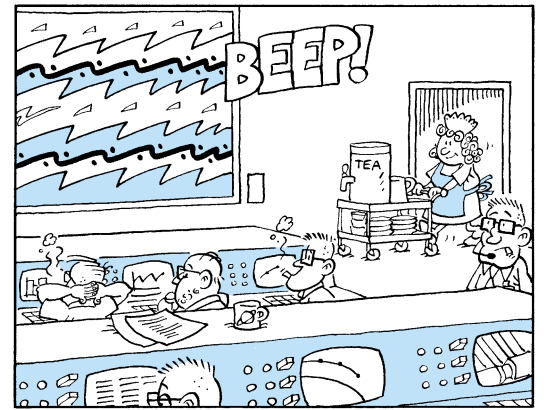
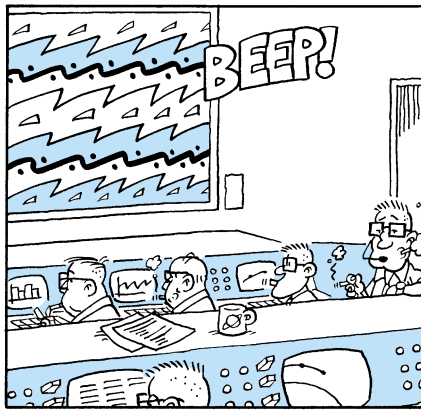
HAVE YOU SEEN MY SPACE DOG LAIKA ANYWHERE? HE'S GONE MISSING. OVER.



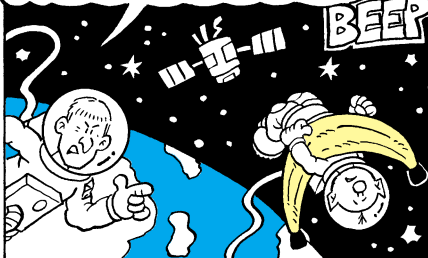
NO, MAJOR PEAKE. BUT WHY NOT USE MY BANANA AS A GIANT SPACE TELESCOPE TO LOOK FOR HIM? OVER.



ISS ABOUT TO GO BEHIND THE MOON. 8 MINUTES RADIO SILENCE BEGINNING IN 3... 2... 1...

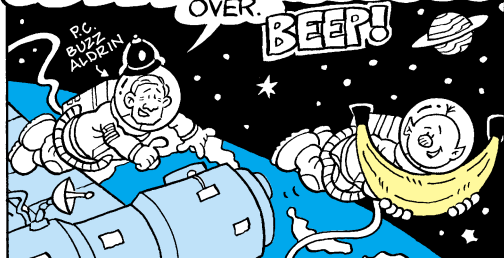


GO ON, FUCK OFF! OVER.



SHORTLY...

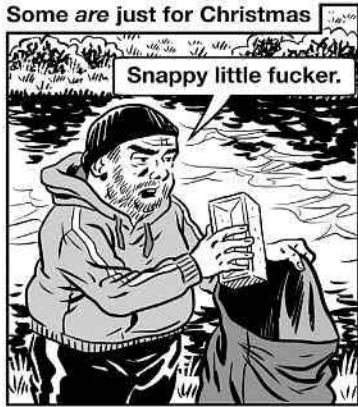
HEY, TOMMY! OVER.



THAT SHOULD PUT A STOP TO YOUR BANANA PRANKS, EH TOMMY? HO HO HO! OVER.



George Bestial



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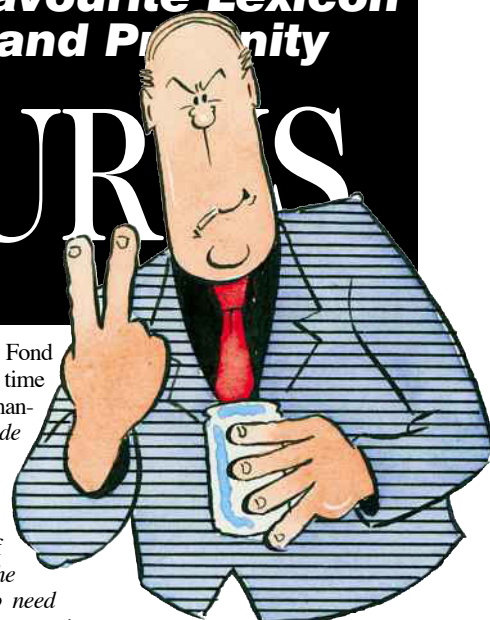
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Roger's

PROFANISAURUS

A New Year update from
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Alfie male *n.* An ageing man who still, for some inexplicable reason, proves remarkably attractive to young women notwithstanding his antediluvian vintage, wrinkles and plumb-ing issues. *'Today's birthdays: The Minstrel, Canadian race-horse, 1974; Street Cry, Irish racehorse, 1993; Rupert Mur-doch, Alfie male, 1906.'*

all guns blazing, go down with *v.* To simultaneously *shit* and *piss* yourself whilst out on a major session. *'You've got to hand it to the bishop, mother superior. He went down with all guns blazing.'*

bushcraft *1. n.* Self sufficiency in the boondocks, as practised by roly poly twig-nibbler Ray Mears. *2. n.* The gentle art of seduction, as practised by Rod Stewart. *3. n.* The mysterious and fabled skills required to *pleasure* a lady between the sheets, as practised by Paul (Leo) out of the Floaters.

cauliflower cunt *n.* Somewhat

coarse description of an ex-tremely well used *ladygar-den* which resembles the erstwhile *Question of Sport* rugby playing stalwart Bill Beaumont's *lugs*.

chocolate smoothie *n.* The kind of *otter off the bank* that slips into the water with mini-mal fuss and, at best, requires merely a cursory wipe. The kind of *Richard the third* you would kill for after a night of ale and spicy Indian cuisine. Also known as a *plop tart* or *7. am angel*.

chodcast *n.* Altruistically shar-ing the sonic delights of a noisy *Simon Cowell* evacuation with an acquaintance, via the skil-ful in-bowl deployment of a mobile phone. A firm grip is recommended.

cod snot *n.* Naturally occurring feminine lubricant. *Milp, blip, Fiona Bruce.*

couch chains *n.* The crippling and binding effects of ten cans of *black eye juice* that prevent a

fellow getting up off the settee. *Bed glue. 'I'd come and help you bring the shopping in, love, but I'm trapped by these couch chains.'*

council camouflage *n.* Tattoos.

crosshair *n.* A stray *pube* lying horizontally across the *hog's eye*, thus creating a handy, sniper-like scope during the act of micturition.

culturally unique national treasure *acronym. euph.* The sort of people whose endearing charm captures the hearts of folk at home and abroad. *'That Piers Morgan is such a cultur-ally unique national treasure, isn't he?'*

curtain rod *n.* A stout length of *pink steel*.

declare early *v.* To be *up and over like a pan of milk*.

dick's never dry, I bet his phr. Said of a chap whose record of success with the fairer sex implies that his member has insufficient time between ro-mantic conquests to return to a dry state. *'That Robin Askwith out of them Confessions films is a lucky bastard. He's got a face like Patricia Hayes but I bet his dick's never dry.'*

dinosaur eggs *n.* Big, hard *ba-bies' dinners*.

dirty bee *n.* A long and high-pitched blast on the *kazoo* which sounds like a bee in a tin can.

doff your cap *v.* To have a *quickie*. *'The gas man didn't have time to stop and chat, nan. He just doffed his cap and left.'*

fanny flump *n.* A women's *things* thing. A *chuftie plug*, *cotton pony* or *dangermouse*.

fiddlestick *n.* An electronic lei-sure device for adults, a *neck massager*, *bob* or *dolly dagger*.

fracking *1. n.* A popular means of extracting gas from under the desolate wastes of northern England. *2. v.* To perform *jug-gery pokery*; an act that typi-cally concludes with a *pearl necklace*. From *fuck* + *rack*.

fuck bumpers *n.* Energy ab-sorbing buttocks.

gorilla salad days *n.* Fond *tosstalgia* for the time before bikini line man-agement became *de rigueur*.

jobstacle *n.* A large pile of *hound rope* left in the middle of the pavement. *'The postman's going to need some real agility to negotiate that jobstacle course.'*

Judy Drench *n. prop.* A right proper *Norris McWhirter*. A *squirter*.

logbook *n.* Something to leaf through whilst operating the *3D printer*, eg. *The Autotrader, Viz.*

lung nog *n.* Following a crack-ing night on the *pop* and the *cancer sticks*, the frothy pos-set of yellow or green spume barked out first thing in the morning. A *prairie oyster*.

magic jelly bean *1. n.* Probably the title of a children's book. And if it isn't, it should be. *2. n.* The *clematis*. Also *wail switch*, *devil's doorbell*, *panic button*, *starter button*.

misery cord *n.* The bit of white string glimpsed protruding from the *bag for life's chuff* as she pulls her nightie on that tells a chap *the painters are in* and there will be no fun to-night.

Mr Twix *n. prop.* Mythical sex film industry employee claimed to have two penii.



Dear Roger,

YOUR definition of the pro-fanity *vinegar strokes* sug-gests that the term gets its name from the similar-ity of the facial expressions

naggie *n.* A bird who brings sor-row.

one up the pipe *phr.* Touching cloth. *'What a pleasure to meet you, your majesty. Now if you'd excuse me for a moment, I have to nip to the Rick Witters, only I've had one up the pipe all morning.'*

pubonic plague *1. n. medic.* Acne. *2. n.* An annoying rash of teenagers.

riot hose *n.* When the *old man* delivers a powerful, out of con-trol stream of *wazz* at the lava-tory, soaking all and sundry in the style of a French police water cannon at a student dem-onstration.

sausage sisters *n.* Female equivalent of *custard cousins*. Two or more ladies who have shared the same *porky banger*, eg. *Lady Di*, *Camilla Parker-Bowels* and the *Th(name of female vocal group removed on legal advice)s*.

Schrodinger's scat *1. n.* Liquid *foulage* that is simultaneously

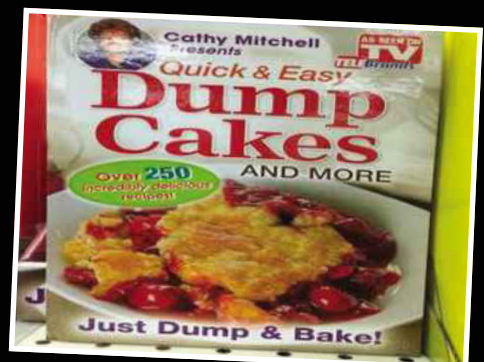
pulled by a male whilst approaching orgasm and that pulled by someone sipping the eponymous non-brewed, chip-bound condiment. I would like to suggest an alternative der-ivation, viz. that the term more likely stems from the similarity of the action of the ejaculate leaving the *hog's eye* bound for a belly, some hair, a *cassock* or *Ms Decker's knicker drawer*, and the aforemen-tioned condiment leaving the bottle bound for the aforementioned chips.

Todd O'Brien, email

HOG'S 'I' SPY



WE SAW this restaurant and thought of you.
Darren & Dave, Hong Kong



MY PAL, the King of Spain (who has graced your publication before), sends this from New York.
Huckleberry Clemens, London

F-word 1

WHILST watching the F1 qualifying session from the Abu Dhabi Grand Prix at the back end of last year, I had to rewind and check that I had heard Steptoe-faced pundit Eddie Jordan correctly, when he said: "In your mind you want to have poll position because in your mind it gives you that little extra blip."



And I clearly wasn't alone in doubting the evidence of my own ears, because presenter Suzi Perry responded incredulously with: "Little extra what?" **D Cardboard, Filey**

both inside and outside the chodbin bowl, eg. After eating dodgy shellfish. 2. n. A paradoxical *turd* which, upon exiting the *bomb bay*, appears to disappear into the ether without a trace and consequently both exists and doesn't exist.

scroteabike n. Any child's motorcycle being wheeled along the pavement by a fat man wearing a vest and holding a can of lager.

shake and vac, do the v. To indulge in a toot of *bacon powder*.

shitemare n. A dream so scary it makes you *papper* the bed.

something is rotten in the state of Denmark exclam. A Shakespearean declamation after the release of a notably beefy *eggo*. Also *ah, bisto*; *wonder how many calories there are in that*; *who's the daddy*?

spreadshite n. Useless information given to irritating people in order to temporarily placate them.

stench coat n. The embarrassing result of *blowing off* whilst wearing a Crombie, thereby sealing the lighter-than-air *whiff* inside until it is taken off at one's destination.

stoner's thumb n. *medic.* Repetitive strain injury brought about by repeatedly attempting to use a lighter to spark up a pipe of whatever herbal tincture takes your fancy in a windy park.

stropky jam euph. *rhet.* Cause of a period drama. 'My missus broke all the plates last night. I think she must have opened a jar of stropky jam.'

technical knockout 1. n. Something in a boxing match that presumably doesn't include biting your opponent's ear off. 2. n. A perfectly executed *hand shandy* below the belt that

leaves no *spoff* on the knuckles.

teddy bear wank n. *Relaxing in a gentleman's way whilst wearing woolly gloves.*

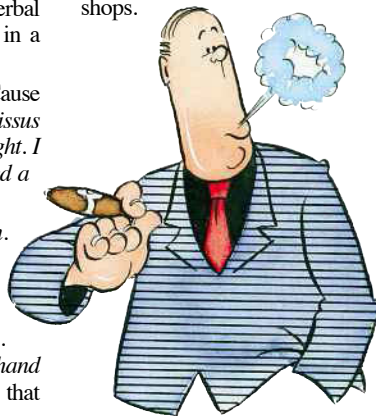
the force is strong in this one exclam. Amusing utterance preceding a *bottom burp*, to be spoken in the voice of James Earl Jones. Also *our survey said*; *please hold for the president*; *I'll name that tune in one*.
up the wooden hill to Wankashire phr. Phrase a bloke proclaims before retiring to his bedroom for a session of *self pollution*. 'Fetch me one of my finest silk socks and the latest copy of *Razzle, Carson, there's a good fellow. I'm about to head up the wooden hill to Wankashire*.'

vadge of honour n. A conquest worth bragging about.

women and children first 1. exclam. Shouted when a ship is sinking. 2. exclam. Shouted when a *shit* is stinking.

workwomanish n. Dents in the car, knives and forks put in the wrong drawers, overcooked vegetables, burnt toast.

wrist assessment n. Urgent mental calculation undergone by a fellow contemplating a *Max Planck* whilst his *bread knife* has nipped out to the shops.



profanisaurus@viz.co.uk

Across

- 8 Jack off two-faced wanker - that's me! (4)
9 Plaid Cymru, shite old group (10)
11/22 A warmer carpet muncher? (3,6)
12 You have this when nuts, in a session of rumpy-pumpy, dangling (1,5,5)
13 Biographical film where one goes after gash lips? (6)
14/25 Japanese handjob maiden I pork, one right to be captivated by member, taken from behind (6,4)
17 Steamy shafts in fast cars (3,4)
19 Case where twisted thing penetrates pussy (7)
20 Chucked in bog, audibly? (6)
21 Most of a woman's sensitive area red - that's nothing new! (6)
24 Vile giggles desperately shaking follow through feeshus from one's trousers (3,8)

26 Taking the role of shitter, primarily - is it? (3)

28 Her 26 across, it's lubricated to accommodate love - might she take your meat and two veg up the aisle? (3,7)

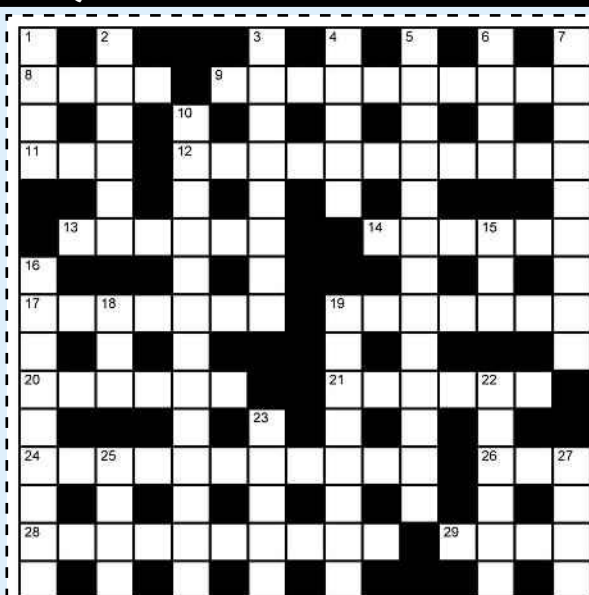
29 Homely erection entering Japanese minge (4)

Down

1 Have sex, as sound coming from weapon? (4)

2 One of the 3 downs, might you say, that produced Anna Kournikova? (6)

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3 Bouts of humping from Flintoff and Anderson, say? (8)

4 Extremely happy chappies with a loss of virginity? (5)

5 Spanner John Terry's lot comes over the chap whose wife he nobbed (7,6)

6 Artist covered in sperm, I rogered (4)

7 Old tongue enters OAP getting licked (9)

10 Is a ton of rancid cum so beyond belief? (4,2,7)

15 Hot thing to go down at the end of the day? (3)

Set by Anus

16 Hotel waif buggered - might that be a bloomer? (5,4)

18 Taste of yoghurt, a rather sticky substance (3)

19 Willy ties in knots, appearing most arrogant (8)

22 See 11 Across

23 Distance around penis right for stimulation (5)

25 See 14 Across

27 Something found inside tush, I think? (4)



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Howells, Swansea; **Tom Mather, Beds**

ISSUE 252 SOLUTION



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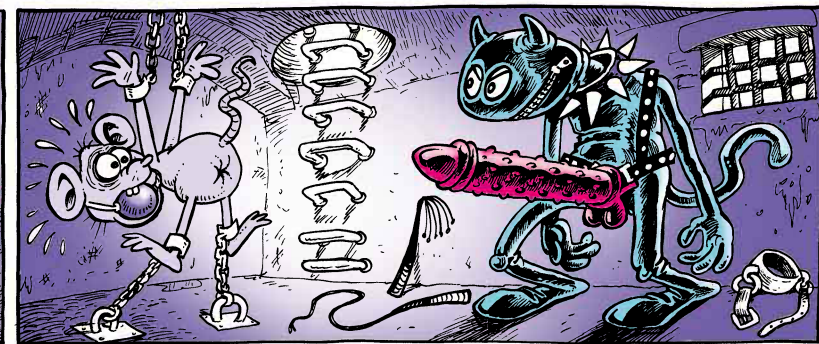
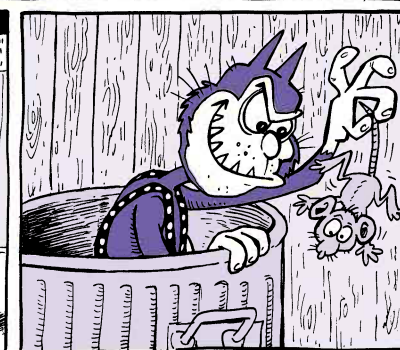
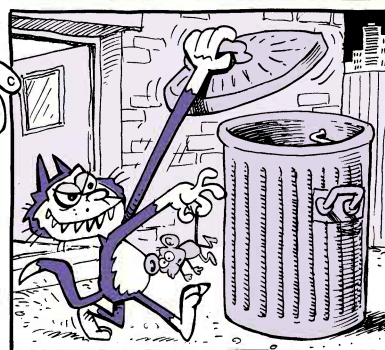
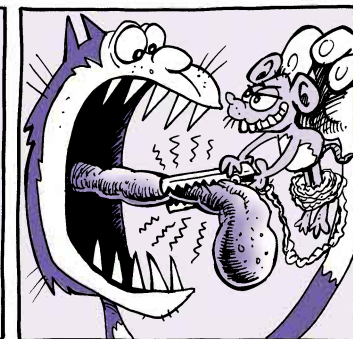
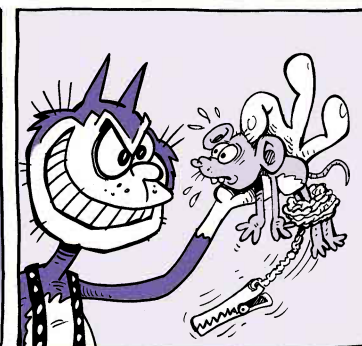
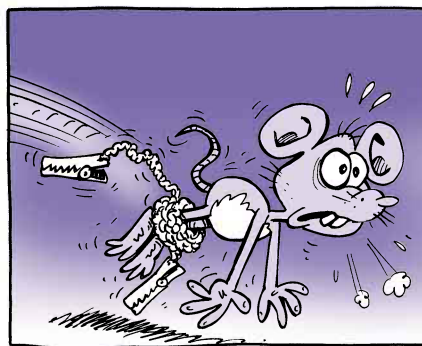
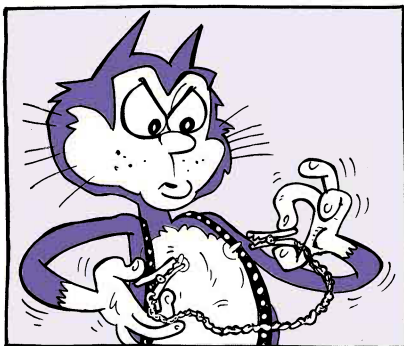
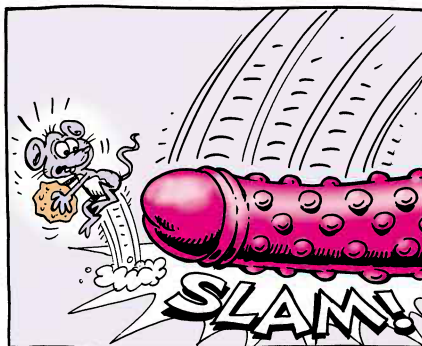
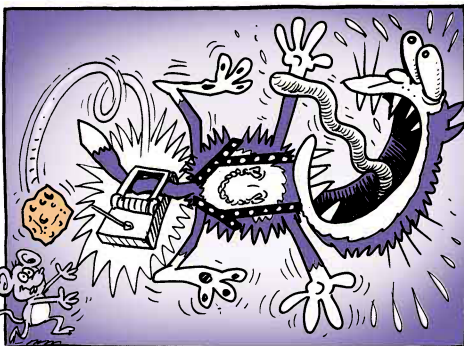
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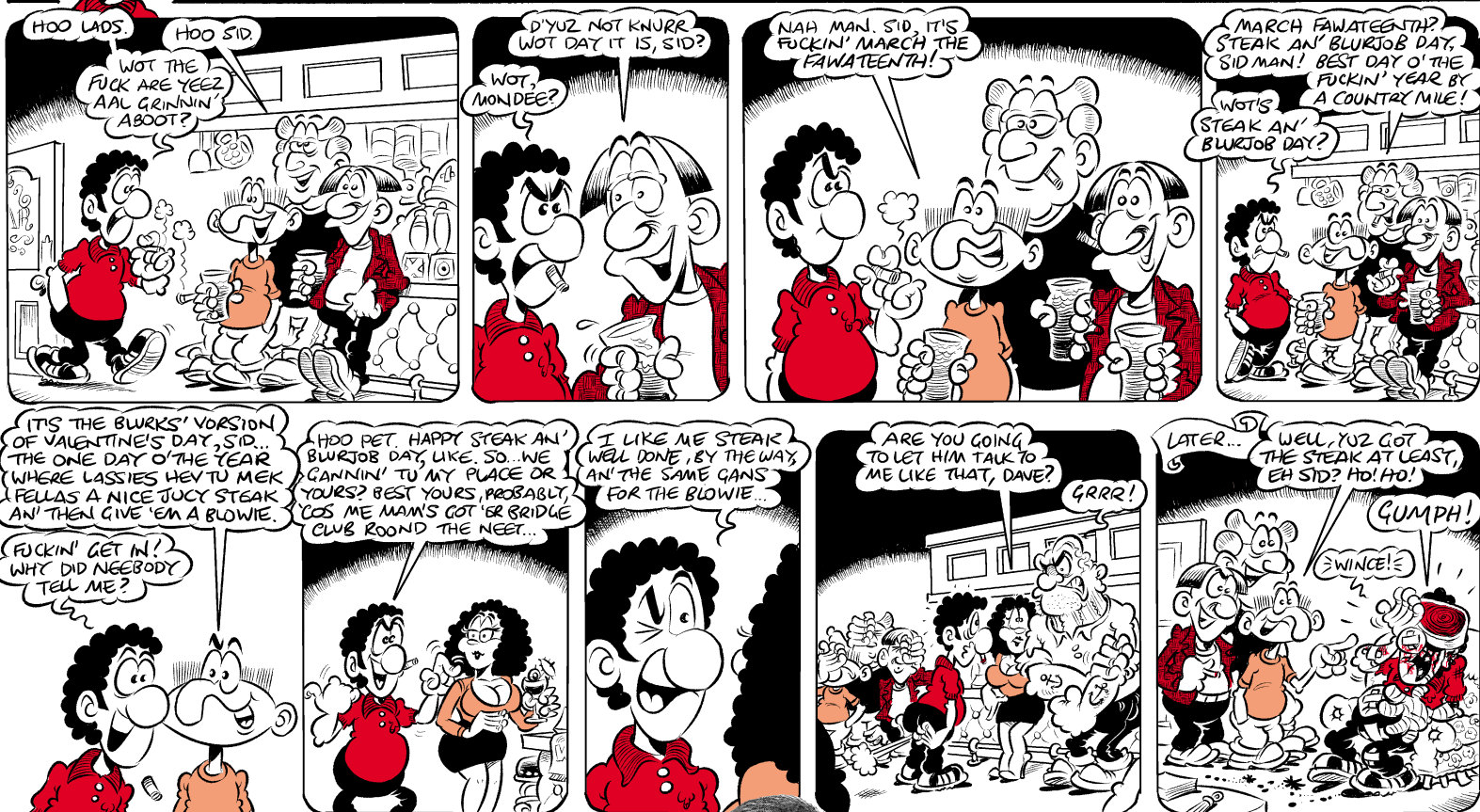
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SID the SEXIST



COUNTLESS millions of words have been written since the world heard the news that David Bowie had passed on. But not by me yet, so here's another five hundred. And I've written "five hundred" in words, so that counts as two of them, whereas if I'd written "500" in numbers, like that, it would only have counted as one word.

Yes, countless millions of words may have been written, but that's still not as many as the number of tears that I have cried in grief at the loss of the greatest star the world has ever seen.

But David Bowie wasn't just one star.

He was many.

For he was a chameleon of pop; changing his appearance to re-invent himself afresh for each successive generation. And although "re-invent" is hyphenated, it still counts as two words.

We all had our own David Bowies. Take your pick: the Thin White Duke, Aladdin Sane, Gene Genie, and the one with the zig-zag down his face. And although zigzag is one word in the Oxford English Dictionary, you can hyphenate it. That is definitely allowed.

TONY PARSEHOLE



So it counts as two words.

David Bowie was more than a musician.

He was an artist.

A great artist.

A very great artist.

Greater than Van Gogh (two words there). Greater than da Vinci (two words again, there's a space in it). Greater than Breughel the Younger (three).

And yes. Even greater even than Breughel the Elder (another three).

Why My Tears for Bowie Will Never Never Never Never Never Never Dry

These lesser artists may have churned out countless masterpieces throughout their careers, such as that one with the Sunflowers and the Moaner Lisa. But Bowie outdid them all, even though he only produced one work of art during his lifetime.

For his whole life was his master piece.

And I am using the term "master piece" in its original, historical form, meaning a piece of work by a craftsman accepted as qualification for membership of a guild as an acknowledged master.

So that's definitely two separate words, not just the single word

contraction that is used nowadays.

It's definitely two words.

But not only was David Bowie's life a master piece (two word version again), but he also turned his death into a life-affirming work of art.

I don't really know what that means, but "life-affirming" is hyphenated and there fore counts as two words.

And "there fore" is correct English too, so don't write in and complain. I just looked it up.

I'm at four hundred and sixty-six words now, so I'd best start winding this up. Bowie's true legacy to the world is his records which were very good. Bang 500 spot on inv encl.

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Star Wars Boost for British Firm

SALES OF A British-made pocket fanny are sky high following the success of the new *Star Wars* film *The Force Awakens*. Fans of the sci-fi blockbuster have been clamouring to get their hands on the £10 device ever since one of the movie's stars **Harrison Ford** praised it online.

"Never without my Shipton's when I'm filming. Better than the real thing! #MayTheFannyBeWithYou," the 74-year-old actor tweeted to his 8 million followers. He accompanied the message with a photo of himself on the bridge of the Millennium Falcon, holding a Shipton's Slick Lips Pleasuremax and giving it the thumbs up.

Star Wars fans immediately began re-tweeting the post and within minutes, sales of our pocket fannies had gone through the roof," said Ada Shipton, who runs the small family business that makes the anatomically accurate masturbatory aids in a tiny factory just outside Stoke on Trent.

"Orders were coming in so thick and fast that our small production line just couldn't keep up. In the end we had to make twelve new fanny moulds and order a load of new pallet of rubber just to meet the demand."

surprise

Mrs Shipton, 66, said that it had come as a great surprise that the Han Solo actor was a fan of her company's products. "We've had a few famous customers over the years,

such as **Ross Kemp**, **Benedict Cumberbatch** and **Philip Davies**, the MP for Shipley," she told reporters.

"But getting such a glowing endorsement from a Hollywood A-lister like Mr Ford is beyond our wildest dreams."

garden

"Hopefully this sudden celebrity boost for our pocket fannies will lead to increased sales of our other products, such as vibrating

Cock-a-hoop: Ford (above) over the moon with his pocket fanny, and (left) in his famous role as Han Solo.

The Force awakens sales success for family-run business



Pocket fanny magnate: Mrs Ada Shipton, yesterday.

butt plugs, Vietnamese love eggs and strap-on cocks," added Mrs Shipton.

All Change for Minister

HEALTH Secretary **Jeremy Hunt** yesterday announced that he has changed his name by deed poll to **JEREMY CUNT**.



The government minister said he was taking the legal step to formally alter his surname after a spate of newsreaders had inadvertently mispronounced it when referring to him in reports.

paperwork

Solicitor **Dixon Curry**, who drew up the official documentation, told us: "Changing one's name by deed poll is a straightforward legal process for which I charge £25 plus disbursements. I have all the paperwork prepared already, and as soon as he signs it, Mr Cunt, sorry, Hunt will officially become Mr Hunt, sorry, Cunt."

flush

The minister, who is MP for South West Surrey, says he hopes the name change will finally put a stop to years of embarrassing four-letter mix-ups.

"It all started in 2010 when Jim Naughtie got my name wrong on Radio 4's Today programme," he told the Daily Telegraph's Barclay Sark.

Health Secretary announces surname re-shuffle

"About an hour later, Andrew Marr did the same thing on Start the Week, and since then practically every time my name is mentioned on a television or radio news report, my surname is mispronounced as the C-word."

"It occurred to me that if I just called myself Jeremy Cunt and had done with it, they might start accidentally calling me Jeremy Hunt for a change instead," added Mr Cunt, sorry, Hunt.

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BIGGIE'S SMALLS

Britain's Liveliest UNDERPANTS forum with late gangsta rapper The Notorious B.I.G.

“Hi guys, The Notorious B.I.G. here. When I'm not releasing chart-topping hip hop singles or dying in 1997 from gunshot wounds, you can usually find me blathering on to some poor sod about underpants! I absolutely adore these cotton-based men's undergarments, and judging by the size of my postbag, so do all you Viz readers! We've received boxe(r)s and boxe(r)s of letters, so this page certainly won't be brief(s)! But, seriously, enough of my larking about - let's get straight down to the best correspondence about pants I've been sent this week.” *Biggie*



more pointless and stupid garments out there, such as cummerbunds, for instance. I am henceforth going to take a stand, and start calling good things 'pants' and bad things 'cummerbunds'. I think this is a really pants idea, and anyone who disagrees with me clearly has cummerbunds taste.

Dennis Marginal, Hammersmith

☐ **YOU** always hear people talk about how humiliating it was at school when they were made to do PE in their vest and pants. Well, not for me. My PE teacher was American, so for him, 'vest and pants' meant long trousers and a waistcoat. As a result, we spent most of our physical education sessions playing snooker.

Usain Molesworth, Eccles

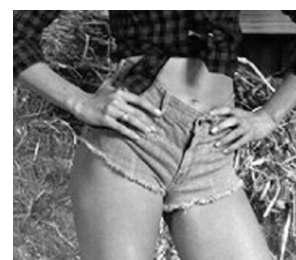
☐ **AS** a plumber, I find the stereotype that we all wank into our female clients' underwear drawers extremely offensive. Some of us choose to wank into their sinks, baths or dishwashers instead, but you never hear anyone making jokes about that. It's political correctness gone mad.

Barry Pipes, Essex

☐ **I FIND** it utterly, utterly sickening that the phrase 'going commando' means wearing no underpants. How can we possibly expect to wipe out the Islamic State and finally win the war on terror when our bravest soldiers are marching around with their genitals flapping about wildly beneath their trousers? I think that any Commando found not wearing underpants

should be court-martialled and demoted to a lower rank, such as Officer Cadet or Second Lieutenant.

Oliver Reaction, Derby



☐ **MY** husband's such a silly sausage. Last week, I told him I wanted some hot pants, and he presented me with a pair of Y-fronts he'd left on the radiator!

Mrs Agnes Confusion, Cheam

YOU ask, WE answer about underpants

WHAT is the proper name for the penis access aperture in the front of a pair of Y-fronts? I was brought up in Yorkshire, where we always called it the "tassel snicket," whereas my wife, who is from the other side of the Pennines, refers to it as the "wazz lappet."

Arkwright Boycott, Henley on Thames

• No need for an argument, Mr and Mrs Boycott, the penis aperture of the Y-front is known colloquially by many different names. As a boy growing up in Liverpool, I would call it the "cocky ginnelway."



☐ **I SPENT** 30 years working at Selfridge's department store, where my job was to arrange the display table in the men's underwear department. However, I have since found a new line of work as manager of the American alternative rock group, Ben Folds Five, where my duties include informing the band's eponymous lead singer about all details of his upcoming gigs, recording sessions and promotional appearances. So I suppose you could say that I used to *fold briefs* but now I *brief Folds*! That's only just occurred to me, actually.

Gavin Pathos, Hull

Pant

LADIES. Rub rosemary, thyme and oregano into the gusset of your husband's pants to make his farts smell Italian. Molto magnifico!

Carlton Scroop, Lincs



☐ **I ABSOLUTELY** love underpants. In fact, I love them so much that I put on a fresh pair every day!

Eric Non-Entity, Frome

☐ **I'M** afraid I can see Mr Non-Entity's letter (above), and raise him! I love underpants so much that I put on TWO fresh pairs every day! Well, actually, truth be told, I do that mainly because I suffer from an aggressively enflamed septic anal fissure, which can

render a clean pair of briefs fundamentally unwearable within a matter of hours. But regardless, I still reckon I like underpants more than Mr Non-Entity (above).

Ernie Pointless, Chester



☐ **IT** really gets on my wick the way people use the word 'pants' to describe things that are poor quality. Pants are an extremely important and useful item of clothing, and it's grossly unfair to tarnish their name in this way, especially when there are many

ANT'S IN YOUR PANTS!



Pint-sized Geordie funnyman Ant McPartlin answers YOUR questions about underpants

Dear Ant,

Where does the expression 'Liar, liar, pants on fire' come from?

Mildred Hegel, Dundee

• Howay, Mrs Hegel, that's a belter of an inquiry. This popular phrase has its origins in the Spanish Inquisition of the 16th Century. When the Inquisition suspected a potential heretic of supplying them with false information, they would set fire to his or her underpants. If the underpants burned, that meant the suspect was lying and should be put to death immediately. If the underpants didn't burn, that meant the suspect was telling the truth, but was also in possession of magical, flame-retardant underpants and was therefore probably a witch or wizard, and should be put to death immediately.

Dear Ant,

When were underpants invented and who invented them?

Edith Schopenhauer, Guildford

• Fishy on a dishy, Mrs Schopenhauer, that's a canny good question. Believe it or not, underpants were invented in 1491 by the Italian polymath Leonardo Da Vinci. The Renaissance master had been attempting to construct a flying machine out of two pieces of Y-shaped cotton, but he soon realised his finished product was less suited to airborne travel and more suited to sticking his legs through and wearing beneath his trousers. Da Vinci dubbed his new creation 'Sot-topantalones' (meaning literally 'under trousers') and the rest is history!

DEC'S IN YOUR KECKS!

Pint-sized Geordie funnyman Declan Donnelly answers YOUR questions about underpants



Dear Dec,

What is the most expensive pair of underpants ever made, and who were they made for?

Ethel Leibniz, Scholes

• Auf Wiedersehn pet, Mrs Leibniz, that's a high quality interrogatory. The most expensive pair of underpants ever made cost a whopping £15 MILLION to fabricate! They were spun from pure 24-carat golden thread, and embossed around the elasticated waistband with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and \$100 bills. They were created for none other than U2 lead singer Bono (real name Paul "Bono" Hewson) as part of his on-stage outfit for the band's 2011 world tour. Believe it or not, though, the hair-brained, short-arsed lead vocalist forgot to pack them in his suitcase, and

subsequently had to charter a private jet to fly them 10,000 miles around the globe at the last minute.

Dear Dec,

What is the smallest pair of underpants ever made, and who were they worn by?

Dolly Nietzsche, Hull

• Fog on the Tyne, Mrs Nietzsche, that's a top query. The smallest pair of underpants ever made were very small indeed, and were manufactured for the world's smallest man, Calvin Phillips, using a sewing machine the size of a Lego brick. However, as the process of making such tiny pants was both difficult and costly, only one pair was ever created and, as such, Mr Phillips often stank to high (or, in his case, not-very-high!) heaven.

It Happened to Me!

• I HAD an embarrassing experience recently when I visited the doctor, and he asked me to strip down to my smalls so that he could examine me. First, he cupped my testicles and asked me to cough, then he put on some rubber gloves and made me bend over while he pulled my pants down and put his finger up my bottom to feel for my prostate gland. I was mortified to find that my underpants were not clean on that morning and were covered in skid marks. I was even more embarrassed when I got home and my wife reminded me that he is actually a doctor of medieval history.

Arthur Grewelthorpe, Aclam on Humber

We pay £5 for your made-up It Happened to Me stories.

□ I'M afraid to say that my husband is a far sillier sausage than Mrs Confusion's husband (above letter). When I told him last week that I wanted some hot pants, he presented me with a pair of Y-fronts he had taken from a shop without paying for, thus rendering them "hot" in American criminal parlance. I still love the daft ha'porth, though, for my sins!

Mrs Ada Mix-Up, Cheam

□ MRS Mix-Up can go fuck herself. My husband is the silliest sausage, and she fucking well knows it. Since sending my first letter (above above), I have asked him again for some hot pants, only for him to present me with a dog gasping for breath on a sunbed, and thus performing "hot pants." My husband is a complete fucking moron, and Mrs Mix-Up's husband will never come close.

Mrs Agnes Confusion, Cheam

Pant

TWO rubber gloves with the ends of the fingers cut off makes a discreet pair of incontinence briefs for a crab.

C Birdseye, Grimsby

TIPs

□ WITH reference to my wife's letter (above). I am not a silly sausage and never have been. I have been purposely misunderstanding my wife's requests for hot pants because she is 86 years old, and frankly the idea of watching her strut around in skin-tight arse-hugging mini-shorts makes me feel quite queasy. I would imagine that Mrs Mix-Up's husband is doing the same.

Mr Albert Confusion, Cheam



□ MY two favourite things in the whole world are probably underpants and Hollywood films. Unfortunately for me, however, the two rarely collide. In fact, come to think of it, I can't recall a single Hollywood film ever made about underpants. There was the 1950 romantic comedy *Fancy Pants*, starring Bob Hope and Lucille Ball, but as far as I can tell from Wikipedia that wasn't about underpants at all, rather a B-grade stage actor who falls in love with a wealthy young woman. So come on Hollywood filmmakers, pull your fingers out and start making some movies about pants!

M Kermode, London

□ MY husband has recently hit upon a rather clever, money-saving scheme: he uses his old, worn-out underpants as washing-up cloths! I do wish he would take them off first, though, as the sight of him stuffing our mucky plates and cups down his trousers and then frantically rubbing at his groinal area rather puts me off my tea.

Doris Molloy, Watney

□ "I'LL have shreddies for breakfast, please", I told my wife yesterday, and I was practically bent double with mirth as I imagined her misinterpreting this and bringing me a bowl of underpants! I immediately started

writing up this hilarious anecdote for your letters page. So you can imagine my disappointment and fury, then, when she simply handed me a bowlful of the popular Nestle cereal made from lattices of wholegrain wheat. I have since filed for divorce, and told my wife that she can keep the kids.

Andrew Ataraxy, Herts

□ AS the Poet Laureate, I have penned this ode for National Underpants Day, if it exists. I hope you enjoy it, as it took me most of last week:

*They cling to our bottoms,
our fannies and balls,
They're sometimes called
shreddies, and sometimes
called smalls,
They hide 'neath our trousers,
our shorts and our skirts,
If we don't wear them, it
chafes and it hurts,
They're garments of elegance,
beauty and grace,
They're underpants, people...
and I think they're ace!*

CA Duffy, Manchester

Pant

WIVES. Ask your hubby for split crotch knickers for your birthday or Valentine's day, as they can easily be torn in half to make not one but two dusters.

Edna Frigid, Torquay

TIPs



AMERICANS

SAY THE FUNNIEST THINGS ABOUT PANTS WHEN THEY ACTUALLY MEAN TROUSERS!

★ "DO YOU like my new pants?" my 42-year-old American cousin asked me yesterday. I had to laugh - he was pointing at his trousers!

Martin Tomayto, Basildon

★ WHILST on holiday in New York, an American came running up to me and my husband screaming, "Give me your muthafuckin' money or I'll shoot you, I've got a goddam gun in my pants!" We had to chuckle - he meant he had a gun in his trousers!

Marjorie Potarto, Manhattan Hospital

★ "THERE'S a party in my pants and you're invited", an elderly American gentleman from my nursing home told me yesterday. I had to laugh - he meant that he wanted to have sexual intercourse with me.

Ada Lescallthethewholethingoff, Merton

★ • Has an American said the funniest thing to YOU about pants when they actually meant trousers? Why not write in and tell us about it. There's an all-expenses paid six-month trip to the United States for every letter we print.



anniversary... you've guessed it... in my trusty underpants. The elastic perished in 1962 and my wife left me for another man in 1981, but apart from that, they're still as good as new.

Hector Soil, Bude



□ THE other day, I noticed that my wife had hung six pairs of my underpants on the washing line. I said that I thought I had seven pairs, one for each day of the week. Imagine how silly I felt when she reminded me that I was wearing a pair. I felt even sillier when I realised they were on my head.

Hector Lodestone, Hull

□ THEY don't make underpants like they used to. I bought a pair of Y-fronts from a gents outfitters in 1959. I wore them when I got married 7 years later, and last month I celebrated my golden wedding

□ WHAT is it with these crotchless knickers that they have these days? The crotch is the most essential part of the knicker. In fact, the front, back and sides are simply there to hold the crotch in place in my opinion. If there's no crotch, in your knickers you might as well not be wearing any. So I don't.

Doris Lavabread, Totnes

COMPETITION TIME!

WIN a YEAR'S SUPPLY of CLEAN PANTS in our fantastic FREE to ENTER competition!

Just answer this simple question to win 26 pairs of Marks & Spencers's Y-fronts (or knickers for ladies).

Q: How many leg holes are there in a pair of underpants?

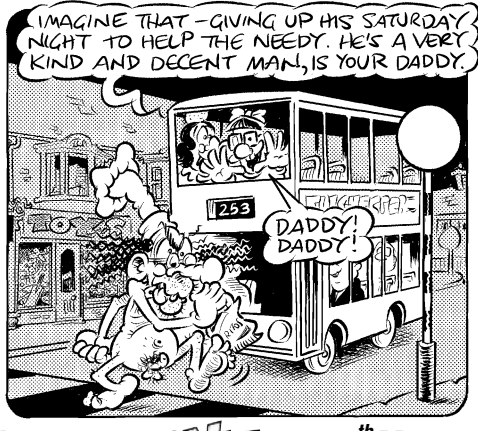
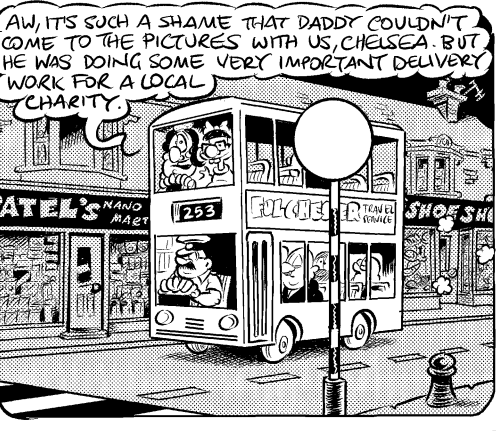
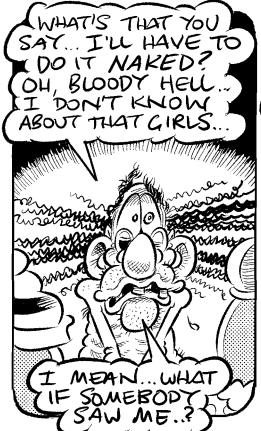
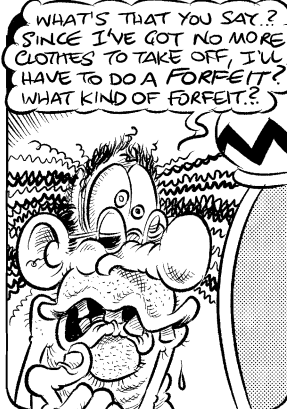
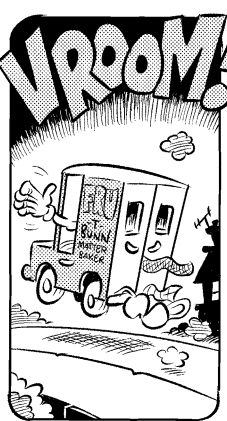
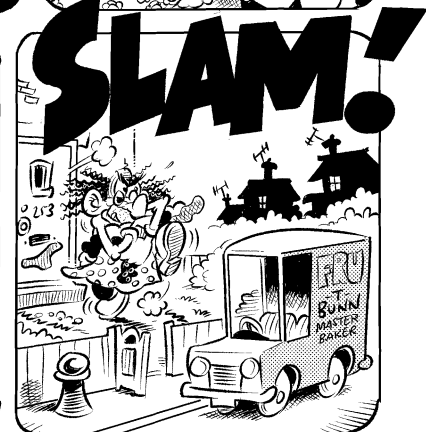
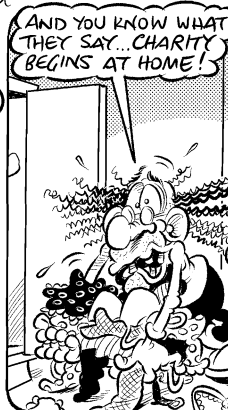
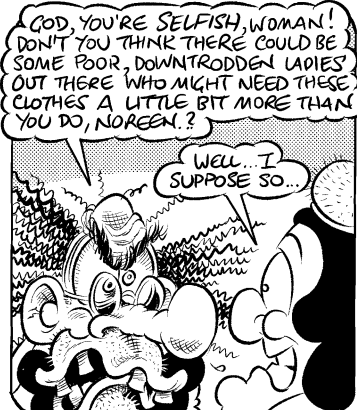
a. 1 b. 2 c. 3

Dial 018 118055 and text SMALLS, your answer a, b or c and your pants size. Texts will be charged at 40p plus your standard rate and will not be looked at. You can also enter by post by writing your answer, your name and address on an ordinary postcard and throwing it in the bin.



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